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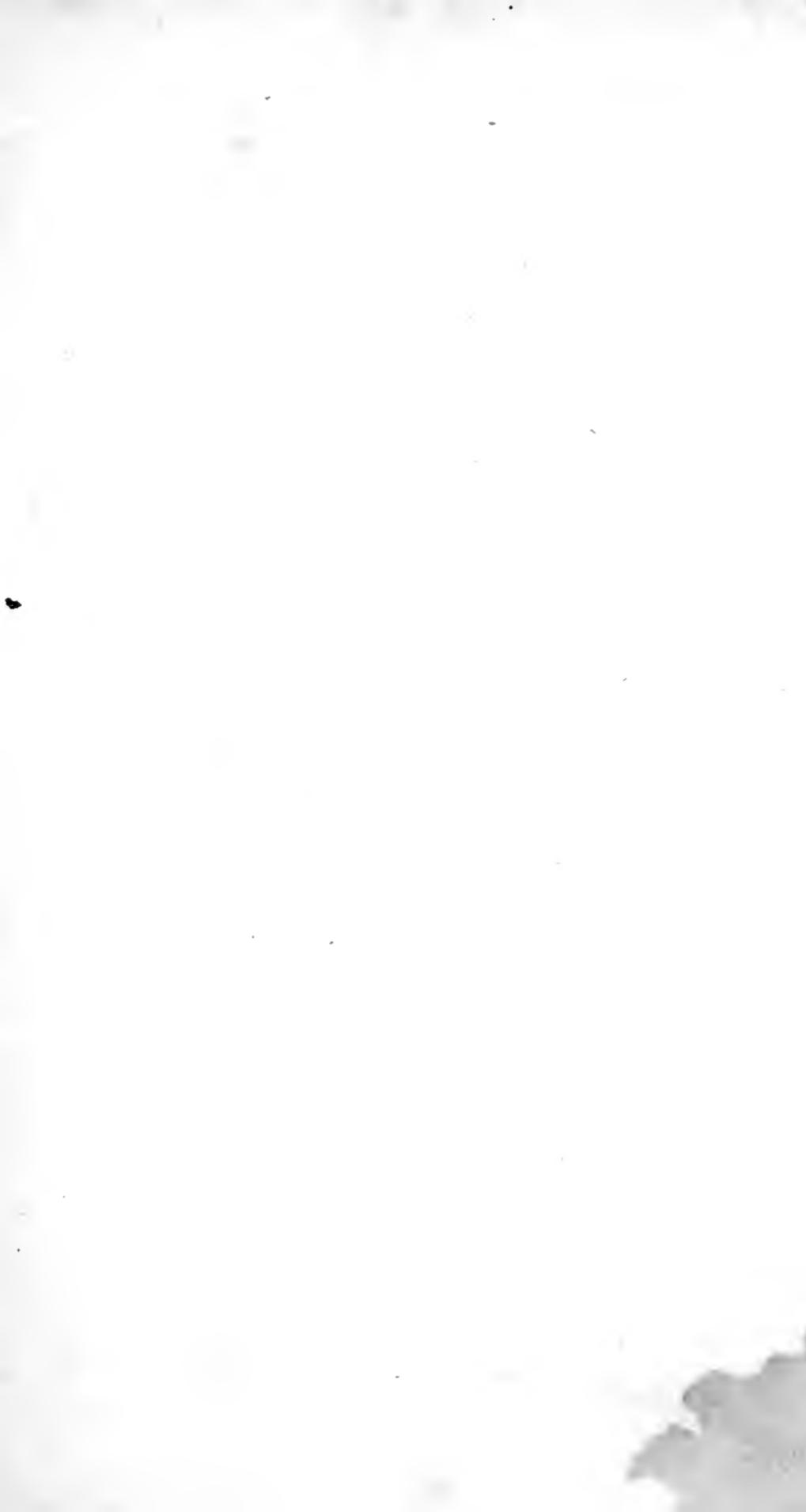
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JUVENILIA;

OR, A

COLLECTION OF POEMS.







JUVENILIA;
OR, A
COLLECTION OF POEMS.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF TWELVE & SIXTEEN,

BY J. H. L. HUNT,

Late of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

JAMES HENRY LEIGH, Esq.

Nephew to the late DUKE of CHANDOS.

Be present, all ye genii, who conduct
The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard
New to your springs and shades, who touch his ear
With finer sounds, who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things!

AKENSIDE.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. WHITING, FINSBURY PLACE.

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TO You, whose family in the person of your noble uncle his Grace, the late Duke of CHANDOS, has conferred many obligations on my Father and his Children: whose favour cannot fail to recommend my humble production to the world, and whose patronage above that of all others is most pleasing to the patronized, as it comes from a promoter and cultivator of virtue, the following pages are dedicated as the small tribute of an enlarged gratitude, by your

very humble and obliged

Servant,

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

6 J 1938
P R

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THE Author thinks it necessary to inform his Readers, as they will undoubtedly perceive how much superior some of the following Poems are to the others, that a few of the first pages, all the Translations but one, the two first Odes, and the first Hymn, were written at a very early age ; that the Poem on Retirement, the Pastorals in imitation of Pope and Virgil, Elegy written in Poet's Corner, Ode to Truth, the Progress of Painting, Wandle's Wave, the Hymns for the Seasons, the Palace of Pleasure, and the Funeral Anthem, were the productions of sixteen, and the rest of his intermediate years.

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Mr. James Richards	David Scott, esq. M. P.
Mr. P. J. Redwood	Col. Sibthorpe, M. P.
Mr. S. Radnor	William Smith, esq. M. P.
Mr. Samuel Reed	George Shum, esq. M. P.
Mr. Riley	Rev. William Smith, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania on its first establishment—one of the first who diffused the light of science over the new world.
Mr. Daniel Rutter	
Mr. William Reddall	

John Sergeant, esq. Joint Secretary to the Treasury	Mr. Thomas Speed
Charles Smith, esq.	Mr. Jos. Smeeton
William Smith, esq.	Mr. William Smart
S. Shewell, esq. Philadelphia	Mr. Stevens
George Stonestreet, esq.	Mr. David Steele
John Sullivan, esq.	Mr. R. E. Spuring
Richard Jos. Sullivan, esq.	Mr. Sudlow
Rev. William Sparrow	Mr. Siffmore
Francis Sims, esq.	Mr. William Sym
G. W. Swedenborg, esq.	George Seares, esq.
C. Smith, esq.	T.
William Slater, esq.	Most noble Marq. of Townshend
Joseph Sales, esq.	Rt. hon. Lord Thurlow
Samuel Scott, esq.	Right hon. Lord Trimbleton
Benjamin Shaw, esq.	Sir Charles Talbot, bart.
William Sutton, esq.	Sir John Thorold, bart.
Edward Skegg, esq.	Sir Alexander Thomson, knight,
William Smith, esq.	Baron of the Exchequer
James Smith, esq.	Samuel Thornton, esq. M.P.
Claude Scott, esq.	Henry Thornton, esq. M. P.
Samuel Scott, esq.	Chairman of the Sierra Leone
John Sancton, esq.	Company — the poor man's
Robert Seearian, esq.	friend. — “ They who turn
Charles Stuart, esq.	many to righteousness, shall
Thomas Savage, M. D.	shine as the stars for ever ! ”
Thomas Smith, esq.	Mrs. Godfrey Thornton, daughter
John Smith, esq.	of the late benevolent Stephen Peter Godin, esq. of
William George Sibley, esq.	Southgate — a gentleman of
Mr. James Sharp	great piety and suavity of manners.
Mr. Abraham Shepherd	Miss Thornton
Mr. James Saunders	Robert John Thornton. M.D.
Mr. George Smith	Rev. Arthur William Trollope,
Mr. Skelton	A. M. Upper Grammar-master
Mr. John Sewell	of Christ's Hospital
Mr. Walter Smith	John Travers, esq.
Mr. Thomas Seddan	
Mr. Silberrad	

Rev. William Martin Trinder, M. D.	William Vaughan, esq.
Rev. Archer Thompson, Evening Preacher at the Magdalen	Miss Vardill
John Trotter, esq.	Mr. Usher
Charles Hanbury Tracy, esq.	Mr. Langford Venner
Stevens Totten, esq.	
William Turnbull, esq.	W.
Thomas Templeman, esq.	Right hon. Earl of Winchelsea
John Turner, esq.	Rt. hon. Lord Vis. Wentworth
Mr. Richard Turner	Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Winchester
Mr. Henry Turner	Right hon. Lord Walpole
Mr. Thomas Todd	Right hon. Lord Whitworth, Ambassador to the Republic of France
Mr. Thomson	Right hon. Wm. Wickham
Mr. William Taylor	William Wilberforce, esq. M.P.
Mr. Thomas Taylor	Samuel Whitbread, esq. M. P.
Mr. John Telford	Rev. Samuel Willard, D.D. President of Harvard College, Cambridge University, America
Mr. Samuel Tomkins	Benj. West, esq. President of the Royal Academy
	Raphael Lemar West, esq.
	D. P. Watts, esq.
V.	John Wolfe, esq.
Right hon. Ch. Villiers, M.P.	— Woodthorpe, esq.
Hon. George Villiers, M.P.	William Wood, esq.
Rev. Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster	John Williams, esq.
Jos. Fitzwilliam Vandercom, esq.	Edmund Wilcox, esq.
William Van, esq.	Henry Whiting, esq.
Mrs. Vigne	Daniel H. Wilson, esq.
Rev. Wm. Vidler—the catholic and worthy successor in Artillery-Street Chapel, of the late eminent, eloquent preacher of the love of God to man, Elhanan Winchester—the powerful maintainer of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ over Satan and the kingdom of darkness—the savage Calvinist and hard-hearted Predestinarian	John Watson, esq.
	E Warner, esq.
	J. Ward, esq.
	J. Winter, esq.
	S. Weddell, esq.
	John Waller, esq.
	Thomas Wallis, esq.

Samuel Wright, esq.	Lieut. Edward Williams, of the Royal Navy
Charles Woodcock, esq.	John Wright, esq.
Mr. Joseph Welch	Thomas Whately, esq.
Mr. Thomas Whitley	William Wilcocks, esq.
Mr. William Whately	Dr. Wallis
Mr. James Wilde	Mr. Matthew Wigham
Mr. Wakelin Welch	Mr. Samuel Walker
Mr. G. Welch	Mr. Hugh Watts
Mr. Richard Winflow	Mr. Nathaniel Wright
Mr. Thomas Williams	Mr. Richard Walker
Nicholas Waln—in his youth an eminent Barrister, at Philadelphia, and for some years past as eminent a Preacher in the Society of Friends—a people simple, yet for the most part subtle	Mr. Weatherall
Rev. — Worthington, Morning Preacher in Hanover Chapel, Long Acre—one of the most solid, eloquent, and useful Preachers in London	Mr. Thomas Williams
	Mr. Windus
	Mr. William Warner
	Mr. Thomas Webb
	Y.
	Right hon. Lord Yarborough
	Joseph Yallowley, esq.

E R R A T A.

...♦♦♦...

PAGE	LINE
16	13—For <i>sig</i> , read <i>sigb</i> .
17	3—For <i>flowing</i> , read <i>flow'ry</i> .
23	3—For <i>Moon</i> , read <i>Morn</i> .
ib.	7—For <i>Corinthian</i> , read <i>Carinthian</i> .
ib.	13—Dele the second <i>due</i> .
ib.	24—Between <i>shall</i> and <i>no</i> insert <i>be</i> .
24	20—For <i>on</i> , read <i>in</i> .
ib.	23—For <i>thy</i> read <i>my</i> .
27	4—For <i>Morn</i> , read <i>Moon</i> .
30	7—For <i>bright</i> , read <i>light</i> .
35	18—Dele the apostrophe.
53	3—For <i>drops quick meet</i> , read <i>drop quick meets</i> .
55	14—For <i>fearful</i> , read <i>tearful</i> .
67	6—For <i>fie</i> , read <i>fire</i> .
ib.	12—For <i>lenth'ning</i> read <i>length'ning</i> .
72	1—For <i>ryhme</i> , read <i>rhyme</i> .
87	21—For <i>Springs</i> read <i>Spring</i> .
110	9—For <i>smild'd</i> , read <i>smil'd</i> .
111	1—For <i>fimlicitly</i> , read <i>simplicity</i> .
114	18—For <i>nigh</i> read <i>night</i> .
117	10—For <i>plain</i> read <i>plaint</i> .
122	1—For <i>there</i> , read <i>thse</i> .
124	11—For <i>fair</i> , read <i>fair</i> .
ib.	15—For <i>weep</i> , read <i>wipe</i> .
161	1—For <i>preciou</i> , read <i>precious</i> .
189	21—Dele the <i>apostrophe</i> over <i>lover's</i> .



MISCELLANIES.

M A C B E T H ;

OR,

THE ILL EFFECTS OF AMBITION.

Written at the Age of Twelve.

— Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Ambitio ? —

...><...

WHAT struggling passions rule the soul ;
What passions strong that spurn controul,
The human bosom fire !
The potent warrior cas'd in steel,
The king, the beggar, all can feel,
The power of fierce desire !

B

The

The Tempest howl'd ; the fork'y light
 Gilt with pale ray the shades of night,
 The pealing thunder crash'd !
 From murder'd Duncan came Macbeth,
 And to the ground, still warm with death,
 The bloody dagger dash'd !

“ Hell gapes to seize my soul,” he cried,
 “ The Thund'rer asks why Duncan died,
 “ Who pierc'd his beating heart ?
 “ Who gave the thought, who urg'd the deed ;
 “ Who bade his royal bosom bleed ?”
 Death spare thy vengeful dart !

’Twas a vain sceptre led my hand,
 The empty honour of command,
 The dagger rais'd on high
 Curst be the day that gave me birth !
 Hide me from God, O parent Earth,
 From God's all-searching eye !

CONTENT.



IN yonder vale, where verdure smiles,
 The sweetest spot in George's isles,
 Lives Dobson, happy swain ;
 Who laughs at what is called renown,
 And to the splendor of a crown
 Prefers a sack of grain.

E'en

E'en while he fells the giant oak,
 He finds a tune for ev'ry stroke,
 'Tis only beating time ;
 And if 'tis bad, as some might say,
 To be so merry all the day,
 He's always in a crime.

Dame Dobson, while she sits at home,
 (For careful housewives never roam)
 Sings care itself away ;
 At grief for ever will deride,
 Mocks at rich pomp and foolish pride,
 And lives but to be gay.

“ If haughty rank and hoarded wealth
 “ Are less than competence and health,
 “ 'Tis we're the lords of earth ;
 “ For ale, we ne'er shall want a pot,
 “ And happiness, (it loves a cot)
 “ Plays round our cheerful hearth.”

Find in the city's busy crowd,
 Among the witty and the proud,
 A pair so highly blest ;
 If you produce them, I will swear,
 Dame Dobson never laughed at care,
 And Gaffer knew no rest.

LINES

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF ELIZA.

LAUGHING morn with sparkling eye
 Melts in radiance from the sky,
 While her head with brightness crown'd
 Sheds a thousand glories round.
 Come, gentle May, by Flora fair,
 And ev'ry sylph that sports in air,
 Attended on thy smiling way ;
 Favonius, on thy breezy wing
 Here waft the incense of the spring,
 And on thy pinions play.

For in Britannia's raptur'd isle,
 See ! new-born graces lovelier smile,
 Fresh rising splendour paints the morn,
 The mild, the fair Eliza's born.
 Soft as the brow of spring, whose top
 Shakes with the dew's bespangling drop,
 So softly shakes her flutt'ring hair ;
 While in its silken locks the Breeze
 Entwining sports in playful ease,
 And courts the whisp'ring Air.
 Light as the perfum'd breath of morn,
 Skims swiftly o'er the level lawn ;

Light

Light as the swallow's wing can dip
 The wat'ry surface, is her trip.
 Sweet as the wild Eolian lyre,
 Whose untaught song the Gales inspire,
 As soft they wake its trembling string ;
 So sweet she warbling pours along
 Her soul-exhilarating song
 On Zephyr's dewy wing.

Thron'd are Expression, Love, and Grace,
 In the mild lustre of her face ;
 And Heav'n, as tho' 'twould leave the sky,
 Shoots in the glances of her eye.
 And ah ! within that breast where Youth
 Full oft' shall bring its vows of truth,
 And Love sigh out its votive pray'r ;
 Still Virtue fans her vestal fire,
 For there is all she could desire,
 Or to desire could dare!

LINES TO MISS S.... H....,

ON HER MARRIAGE.



WHEN from the billowy bosom of the main
 The Queen of Love arose in all her charms ;
 Th' admiring sea-nymphs woke the silver strain,
 And prais'd her damask check and iv'ry arms.

To

To you, fair maid, if aught my humble song
 Avail the passage of thy heart to find ;
 Charms yet still sweeter than of love belong,
 The mild, the heav'nly beauties of the mind.

And oh, if stormy Ocean could rejoice,
 When Love beam'd smiling from the wat'ry gloom,
 How must the youth, the part'ner of thy choice,
 Enjoy the charms that in a H—— bloom.

Cordelia's sense, Emilia's sprightly wit,
 Both in thy breast in one soft chain unite ;
 In thee, what most the modest maiden fit,
 All that can win, and all that can delight.

Still, still may Peace, with whom no cares intrude,
 For ever cherish'd in thy bosom lie ;
 And lively Health, the riches of the good,
 Bloom on thy cheek, and sparkle in thine eye.

Not brighter treasure can Golconda boast,
 Nor high Peru with all her bosom'd store :
 With them, how sweet, to busy life when lost,
 And rich in *him you love*, to want no more !

PARODY

ON DR. JOHNSON'S "HERMIT HOAR, &c."*

—
 " GENTLE Lady, on whose cheek
 " Modesty's soft blushes play;
 " Tell, O tell me where to seek
 " Virtue, and her blissful way.

Thus I said, and mournful sigh'd
 As I curs'd beguiling sin ;
 When the gentle lady cried,
 " Come and treat us with some gin !"

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A PARTICULAR FRIEND,

On his Birth-Day, Jan. 20, 1800.

—
 WINTER o'er the spangled air
 Scatters round his snow-drops fair,

* This is a species of writing imitated from the Italian, the last line of which is made to differ from the foregoing, and produce some ludicrous point from a seemingly grave subject.

While

While the sharp Gales, as full of play,
 Rude catch them on their dancing way
 And cast them at their early birth
 On the hard bosom of the earth ;
 Till, as lamenting to be driv'n
 So early from their native heav'n,
 Or torn by secret fears ;
 Their mingled forms of lovely white
 Sink slowly fading from the sight,
 And melt away in tears.

Thus ye cold thoughts from hence depart,
 Dark-eyed Jealousy, and Hate,
 And freezing Diffidence, and loud Debate,
 Melt on the glowing throbings of my heart ;
 For there my raptur'd fancy flies,
 To fan the flame that Friendship taught to rise.

Once more to grace the new-born year
 On earth rolls round thy natal day ;
 Yet gloomy winter frowns severe
 As slow he plods his frosty way ;
 But if in friendship's bosom fair
 Lie Pleasure, with Content and Peace,
 The glooms that crowd the troubled air
 But tend that pleasure to increase.

So from earth's velvet couch, where gaily drest
 In beauty wild the white-topt lily rose,
 Torn up to glitter on an Ethiop's breast,
 Its bed of jet new graces will disclose.

Then

Then, dreary Terrors, melt along the sky,
 And on sweet Friendship's bosom gay disperse,
 For thrilling Joy shall soar where cold ye lie,
 As high above she mounts on raptur'd verse :

“ Lov'd youth, for thee may Friendship smiling gay
 “ Deck with fresh flow'rsher rich enchanting way ;
 “ Still may impurpling Health with dimple sleek
 “ Live in the rose that blushes on thy cheek :
 “ Still in the gentle lustre of thine eye
 “ Soul-thrilling Joy with beam increasing lie ;
 “ While mild Content, with Innocence and Peace,
 “ Descend from heav'n to smile upon thy face,
 “ And o'er thy head bring fresh-born blessings down,
 “ That ev'ry wish, and ev'ry want shall crown !

A MORNING WALK AND VIEW



FORTH let me walk along the green clad fields,
 When on the morning looks the eastern sun,
 As from his wavy bed he rises bright
 And opes the gilded windows of the sea.
 High sings the lively lark, as with his wing
 Brushing the thin spread clouds he skims the air ;
 Along the grove, in harmony confus'd,

Chirp the soft feather'd songsters, whistling now
 With long drawn note, and now with thrilling song
 Vibrating on the air: another sun
 Reflected seems to burn within the stream
 A sky of glass; and all the scattered clouds
 Descending, move in shadows, gliding soft
 Around its dazzling face; the waters flame,
 And o'er the golden light the burnish'd waves
 In sweet confusion glitt'ring dance along.
 The weeping willow o'er the gaudy scene
 Hangs its torn head as tho' 'twould soothe its grief
 With pleasing contemplation; green as spring,
 And silent as the rev'rence of an angel:
 While on the adverse bank the wand'ring boy
 Views the bright image, and with hostile stonc
 Essays to break the beauteous orb; but, lo!
 He sees it brighten in the funny ray,
 Wond'ring with vacant stare and open mouth,
 Then plunging, sink within th' unbroken light.

Nor heed the animal creation, rous'd
 From tiring sloth the lazy sweets of sleep,
 From the warm shed, slow moving o'er the plain,
 The herded cattle go; the timid cow,
 The vig'rous heifer, pity-bleating calf,
 Meek-eyeing sheep, and primly-gazing ram.
 Loud barks the guardian dog; the snorting steed

Snuffs

Snuffs the fresh air, and neighs along the vale.
Echo the circling hills : the lusty bull
Augments the pleasing, universal noise
Of gladd'ning joy, and hoarsely lows around.
Nor is the scene beyond devoid of grace.
Far in the distant landscape, dimly seen,
Dashes in curling wreathes of hoary foam
The mist-creating cataract : flow along
Thro' its full bed, in many a mazy way,
The winding river strays, when soft restrain'd
Within its mossy shores it onward moves
In limpid majesty ; but when convuls'd
With the big torrent of the April show'r,
It bursts its rural prison, and with sweep,
Dreadful and swift, bounds o'er the vanish'd vale,
Glorious the floating scene ! Each circled hill
Seems edg'd with quiv'ring lace, and all around
The hidden meadows, once so gaily green,
O'erlay'd with living silver ; close behind
In snug retreat the tufted cottage lifts
Its sloping head, adorn'd with velvet moss
And closely-creeping ivy, fawning round
The mantled wall in green servility.

High from the grove o'ertopt, the palace wide
Looks o'er the lawn, and proudly seems to lift
On weary pillars to the meeting sky,

Its high arch'd roof, with ev'ry art adorn'd
 That soft Italia, or the high-soul'd sons
 Of strong Britannia boast ; tho' still, perhaps,
 Within is pallid guilt and foul disease,
 Heart shrivell'd Av'rice, Sorrow's woe-worn form,
 And Death's hard-outlin'd shadow, spectre dread,
 Call'd in by mispent Wealth, or Dissipation mad.

Yet loftier far, behind the mastly pile,
 Than human architect can raise, high heav'd
 By nature's all creative hand, sublime
 Stands the huge mountain, with eternal green
 Mantled profuse, while to its spotted side,
 The wool-white sheep add sweet variety ;
 As pleasing to the distant view they seem
 With spangles fair to deck its grassy robe.

Last, o'er the dim horizon, stretching wide,
 Bends the blue bow of heav'n, which He, who built
 This rolling earth, o'er its huge surface threw,
 A vaulting dome ; with azure glowing deep
 Painted the dazzling hollow ; and where shade
 Was oft required, threw, o'er the glorious whole,
 The shadowing clouds, with pencil, he that shone
 The star of Italy, expressive Raphael,
 The strict Corregio, Titian's glowing hand,
 Fus'li's gigantic fancy, or the fire
 Of Britain's fav'rite West, could ne'er essay

Faintly

Faintly to imitate.—Man, to the day,
Quick rises, shaking from his nervous limbs
The Nessian cloak of sloth, unfit to drink,
In its absorbing texture, the full tide
Of liquid health, that glows thro' all his veins,
Warms his bold heart, and revels in his cheek.

The rustic farmer hastens o'er his fields ;
And with directing hand the rural lord
Rules his attentive lab'lers ; guides them now
To pluck the intruding tare, or scatt'ring throw
Into the well-plough'd furrows of the earth
The lib'ral grain ; and now with smiling face,
When harvest comes to crop the fruitful year,
Bids them prepare the sickle sounding harsh
Thro the diminish'd fields ; or gradual build
The equal hay-rick ; till the cone-topt pile,
Erected neat, gives quiet, ease, and peace,
To joying labour. In the plain beyond,
The humble shepherd, kneeling by the brook,
Dips his hard breakfast in the soft'ning stream,
Nor heeds the rough-clad goat, with rolling eye,
Viewing each wish'd-for mouthful, while he shares
Gen'rous with faithful Tray his scanty crust.
Or stretch'd in funshine warm, his shading hand
Plac'd o'er his half-shut eyes, he views askance
The subject flock, some frisking o'er the field

In

In harmless sport ; some in the welcome beam
 Basking, devoid of care ; while others prest
 With craving hunger, bend their woolly necks
 To the green earth, and crop the verdant grass.
 Careless he whistles loud, nor wishes to be great.

On scenes like these, where Harmony and Peace
 Walk hand in hand, for ever could I dwell,
 From chrystral morning to the jet-rob'd night.
 These are the themes that lift the grateful soul
 To Heav'n and love ; love, that exalts the mind
 To mix its thoughts with God ; Him, whom the sun
 Shines to obey, whose unseen glories time
 Flies to make known ; with whom all place is presence,
 And space immeasurable, fulness ; great,
 And largely good, and infinite is He.

LINES

TO THE WHITE ROSE OF AMERICA.*

→→@←←

Pόδεν ὡν φέρισεν ἀνθος
 Ρόδον ἔαρος μέλημα,
 Ροδα καὶ θεῖσι τερπνά.

ANACH. Carmen V.

...→♦←...

FAIR daughter of the morn, whose snowy top
 Bends gently waving, to the passing breath

* Remarkable for having a very odorous scent, when the white rose of England has none at all.

Of

Of frolic zephyrs, when along the grove
 They chant their airy songs to welcome spring,
 In seeming adoration ; well, I ween,
 Belov'd art thou by them, pleas'd when they see
 Thy humble form breathe incense on their way,
 To add new fragrance to the perfum'd air.
 And well I love thee too, when thy fair head
 Peeps thro' my cottage window, as to greet
 Mine early rise with cheering smiles, before
 Thy ruby sisters ; who, at my approach,
 To hail the morn seem deeper yet each hour
 To blush, that never with their snowy queen
 They render'd duteous homage to their lord.

Not the bright sun-flow'r's top of burnish'd gold,
 The yellow jonquil, vary-colour'd pink,
 The purple passion-flow'r*, belov'd of Christians,
 Wet with the dewy tear of dying Sol,
 The lily dress'd with innocence and grace,
 The wild-born daifly, and the violet blue,
 Or the fair primrose that at Spring's advance
 Seems to grow pale, when from her “ green lap thrown ”
 So many glitt'ring rivals rise around ;

* A remarkable and beautiful flower, at the bottom of whose cup is a perfect cross, from whence it derives its name; this cup always drinks in a dewdrop at evening, which is found the next morning at the bottom of its hollow, when it opens its leaves which are shut during the night.

Not

Not the sweet twining woodbine, hearts-ease rich
 Purpl'd with gold-dropt velvet, or the fair,
 But humble snow-drop beaming thro' the mist
 Like the big tear for lov'd Adonis slain,
 Thro' the fring'd eye-lids of the Queen of Love.
 Catch my admiring eye like thy pure flow'r,
 Emblem of infant innocence, sweet rose.

Yet wilt thou die : pluck'd off by time's rude hand,
 From thy green bed, thy lily leaf must fall ;
 Yet shall no gorgeous, pageant burial hide
 With its dark shade thy drooping white that shews
 No faults that need concealment ; nor shall pomp
 Unmeaning usher thee to earth : one fig
 Alone, fair simple flow'r, shall breathe for thee ;
 And stooping o'er thy wither'd form, I'll press
 My bosom with my hand, and mournful say,
 " Spotless be thou, my heart : like this sweet rose
 " May death o'ertake thee, innocent and pure ;
 " And, weeping for his loss, one only friend
 " For ever faithful, drop the silent tear
 " O'er the sad stone that hides mortality,
 " And tells this sacred truth :" " The son of man,
 " Like the low short-liv'd flow'ret of the field,
 " Rises to light and life ; then fades, and dies !
 " Great Arbiter of fate, thy will be done !"

CHRIST's HOSPITAL.

YE moss clad turrets*, whose unshaken brows
 In antique pride o'erhang the cheerful scene
 Of Windsor's flowing plains, where father Thame
 With many a silver winding loves to deck
 The gay expanse that round his reedy bed
 Luxuriant siniles, when Summer, glowing maid,
 Throws o'er the verdant earth her robings green ;
 Ye groves of fair Oxonia, chequer'd bright
 With Ifis' mazy stream, where science lays
 Her varied stores, and emulation high
 Points to the bright'ning prospects, fair disclos'd,
 Of wealth's full horn, and honour's gorgeous robe ;
 Ye marshy dells, where sedgy Camus, crown'd
 With the sad willow's melancholy shade,
 Directs his dim-discover'd wave, or now
 Bursting in silver beauty from beneath
 His leafy covert, views with sacred awe
 The holy tow'r's † arise, that long have bow'd
 In rev'rend beauty o'er the wa'try glade ;
 A long farewell I give you : other lays,
 That tell not of your praise, yet better far
 To tune my humble pipe, since mem'ry fond

* Eton college.

† University of Cambridge.

And duteous gratitude, command the song,
 Well pleas'd I chant ; such lays as Thyrsis oft,
 And rustic Corydon, with airy reed
 Told to the list'ning cottagers, that round
 The spreading beech, or storm-defying oak,
 Hung on the pleasing numbers, wond'ring whence
 Their hands ungentle could so deftly bring
 The floating sounds : for Collins, bard sublime,
 Hyblaean Pope, or Dryden's stately verse,
 They, simple sons of nature, never heard
 Among their native woodlands : poet sweet,
 And eke immortal, call'd they him, who erst
 Was hight the gentle Gay, trim sonnetteer !
 Ne'er other like him had they seen, nor thought
 One, who could sing so merrily, to view
 In after-times.—Farewell, ye moss-clad tow'r's,
 Ye shady groves, ye dells begirt with sedge !
 The cloister solemn, and its pensive shades,
 Command my humble song ; shades, than whose gloom
 No light have I lov'd better, and to tread
 Whose solemn walks my gayest hours I'd give.

Blest, honour'd guardian of my youthful days,
 Sweet spot of innocence and joy, thy seats
 Absence still happier pictures to my mind,
 And, like a painter skill'd, Raphael divine,
 Correct-ey'd Vinci, Angelo sublime,
 Or Britain's boasted West, each pleasing form

Her

Her pencil raises, tints with brighter colours,
 And throws each dark and gloomy thought behind
 Into concealing shade. Delighted once,
 As oft myself would mix within the rear,
 I view'd thy happy youth with eager lips
 Quaff from its fount the pure Pierian spring,
 Which He * (whom fair Apollo, wisely kind,
 Gave to unlock, and from the deep recefs
 Pour forth the magic stream) with lib'ral hand
 Shed round the busy throng, that each, as will
 Or emulation urg'd, or burning shame
 For deeds before inglorious, might receive
 The store divided as it flow'd along.
 Theirs was the classic wealth, and rich it was,
 Of long antiquity, that to the world
 Many a dying age had wise bequeath'd.
 Witnes, ye shady feats, where wond'rous Thame
 Shakes from his rev'rend form the manly beard
 And nerve-strung arm, and leg of stately walk,
 And gliding soft along, with flowing air,
 And eyes of tender light, soft swelling breast,
 And waxen arm, and thigh of taper grace,
 Calls himself Isis, Naiad of the wave ;
 And, ye, where lagging Cam draws weary on
 His sluggish stream, in ready liv'ry dress'd :

* Rev. A. W. T. A. M. present upper grammar-master of Christ's hospital.

For oft has learning, at her hallow'd shrine,
 Beneath your venerable roofs bestow'd
 The victor laurel on the youthful heads
 That once adorn'd the sacred cloister'd walks,
 That saw my early days pass quiet on,
 Blest with pure innocence and meekest peace.
 Nor would the Muse, pleas'd with its mild retreats,
 Scorn in thy school to prune her drooping wing :
 For she, long time, has lov'd the vaulted arch,
 The gothic window, and the ruin'd pile
 Antique ; there, favour'd, has her quiet haunt
 Stood undisturb'd, save by the youthful bards
 That with such praise maintain the Grecian name
 And eke Græculian*, when, in humble guise,
 They ask a song ; nor has she e'er refus'd
 To grant the small request : for what, indeed,
 Could she not sing, beneath whose skilful hand
 Bold Dyer and the plaintive Coleridge grew,
 Children of poesy ?—Nay, oft she strikes
 To higher notes her varying lyre, until
 She sinks, tho' glorious. So the setting sun,
 When evening calls him to her western couch,
 Drops in his purpl'd bed of waves, yet dress'd
 More rich and glowing than when first he rears
 His “ unshorn head” from op'ning streams of light.

* The three senior scholars of the grammar-school are called Grecians, and the class next to them, Deputy Grecians.

Britannia,

Britannia, hail ! Great in its power and strength,
Its naval bulwarks, that so proudly stand
The many iron tempests pour'd around
By the fierce Gaul, stern with his liberty,
Thy favour'd isle shall flourish in the page
Of never-dying fame, while earth looks gay
With garment green, or hoary ocean heaves
The bellying waters of the main. Nor least
Of all thy sons that brave the stormy sea,
A well-fought field, do'st thou in duty owe
Thanks to the noble youth, the sons of courage,
Of this fam'd school, who early learnt to glow
With patriot zeal to see Britannia's hand
Planting on distant shores her flag, unfurl'd
To the fresh gale of brisk prosperity,
Or wreathing for herself a brighter crown
Than has been worn long time, the easy cap
Of ancient freedom, that, which early Greece,
Imperial Rome, and Gallia's stretch'd out arm,
Have try'd to grasp, the richest prize on earth !
Saw thou not, Neptune, when thy wat'ry reign
Echo'd with British thunder, and the fire
Of gaping cannon flam'd along the shore
Of frightened Nile, when Nelson, fearful name,
Bore on the wings of victory and death
Old Albion's purple standard ; saw thou not,
Where eager Troubridge curs'd relentless fate,
That from the glorious path of fought renown

Push'd

Push'd him aside ; O, saw thou not the fire
 Flash from his ardent eyes, when fierce he knew
 For him the thunder of the battle hot
 Roar'd not in proud sublimity ; nor death
 Hung on the purpl'd splendor of the sword ?
 Turn from thy roaring empire, and thine eye
 Fix on Augusta's spiry seats : 'twas there,
 In cloisters *dreary, and the winding aisle
 He cherish'd dauntless brav'ry ; there his heart,
 Manly in youth, survey'd with eager soul
 The glorious prospects of immortal fame,
 When daring conflict should usurp the main,
 And Heav'n and Troubridge win the wat'ry field !

Nor yet, fair child of Industry, sweet Commerce,
 Forget to think, how many of the sons
 Of these belov'd and unreproved seats
 Here first, tho' far from all thy busy scenes,
 Have vow'd to live for thee, and to forsake
 Their native home, to seek thy lively form
 In distant climates ; southward, where the sun
 With scorching beam direct, the sultry air
 Strikes thro', till, darting on the scorch'd domain,
 It leaves the wither'd herb and drooping flow'r
 Not one sad dew-drop for a tear to mourn
 Its dying beauty, once so gaily green :

* Christ's hospital, where the hero of the Culloden was bred.

Or,

Or, higher northward, where with garment white
Of everlasting frost cold Nature clads
Her hidden form, and melancholy Moon
Views in a thousand icicles of glass
(That fancy, ever gay, delights to hang
In many an uncouth form upon the cot
Of the rude Russian or Corinthian boor)
Her fadden'd face ; and soon as tir'd to see
Her mournful looks, sinks down again to rest,
And gives the gloomy hours to night and darkness.

Such are thy youth, sweet spot ! Thy children such
That tread thy walks, now silent when the hour
Demands the tribute of attention due, due
To all the rare-felt intellectual sweets
Of various learning ; now again, when Sport
With hasty hand unlocks the yielding door,
Clam'rous with shouts of joy, and playful innocence !

Let Italy's soft sons their science boast,
Soul charming music, or the buskin'd muse,
Unequalled pencil, raising life and thought,
And animated Sculpture ; Love itself
That seems to breathe, tho' with a marble breast
Silent and cold as Death : yet still, perhaps,
When Italy shall no more, now torn
From Superstition's sway to Gallia's hand,

Which

Which with the scythe of War has mow'd to earth
 Nations and states at once, a bloody harvest !
 Like the strong pois'rous wind that boist'rous sweeps
 O'er the torn sands of Araby, and brings
 Death, clad in his most hideous shape, his front
 O'erspread with whirlwinds black, who murd'rous spares
 Nor the fierce beast, nor man's diviner form :
 Yes ; when that Italy shall be no more,
 Thy fame, sweet mansion, still shall flourish wide
 Like the strong oak, whose vassal trees fall round,
 Torn up by warring elements ; still see
 Whole realms fall off, and empires die away ;
 And yet shall live to see thy noble sons
 Encrease in honour when alive, and fame
 Still nobler after life. So the sweet rose,
 Od'rous in death, breathes fragrance to the air,
 And wafts its incense on the wings of Eve.

Farewel, ye happy seats of peace and joy,
 Where ruddy health glows on each blooming cheek,
 And innocence looks modest on each eye !
 Farewel ! And may the dews of Heaven distil
 Their richest drops upon thy honour'd roofs ;
 To whose gay tops once more thy straining eyes
 Seem as compell'd to turn to bid the youth,
 Who, with the soothing voice of friendship cheer'd
 The morning of my life, adieu ! Yet short,

Swift

Swift Time, be all our absence ! Quick again
 I turn my doubtful footsteps, and this pray'r
 Fervent I breathe to Heav'n :—“ All pow'rful God,
 “ O Give those walks for ever to be trod
 “ By those who love thy name ; nor throw between
 “ The cup of pleasure and the eager lips
 “ Of the gay youths that learnt with me to bow
 “ Before thy throne as yet unseen, one ill
 “ To taint with bitterness the pleasing draught
 “ That Peace holds out ; and hallow'd be thy Name !”

REMEMBERED FRIENDSHIP.



O how delightful was it once to sit
 And talk away the hours, my friend belov'd
 Beneath the lamp's dull flame, that palely shed
 Its feeble light along the cloister'd walks,
 Where oft we'd ramble ! o'er our youthful heads
 The gloomy arch, that favour'd converse sweet
 Of whisper'd vows of friendship, heav'd on high
 Its massy vault, along whose time-worn roof
 Soft murmurs ran of breathing constancy.
 While on my shoulder hung thy easy hand
 Beyond thy bosom, not a single thought

E

That

That flutter'd from my breast, unheeding stray'd :
Fix'd, and for ever, was my soul in thee !
And wrapt in meditation as I sat,
My beating heart seem'd as it would rise up,
Burst the thin crystal curtain of the tear
That quiver'd on mine eye-lid, and with bound
Of warm affection rush to mix with thine !
O sweet, romantic lux'ry ! Thee the sons
Of fordid Av'rice, barring out with gold
From their heart's avenue, the wand'ring steps
Of pilgrim Friendship ; thee, the giddy throng
That heedless plunge into the cloying sweets
Of rich festivity, or wanton bask
In the hot sunshine of unnerving pleasure,
Have never known ; or had they tasted once
Thy cup nectarean, Av'rice had unlock'd
His very hoard, and pour'd it in the breast
Of that affection which would more repay
His lib'r al hand ; and the loud rash cabal
Of festive Riot, or those fearful joys
Whose very taste is death, had left with tears
Of rapture and repentance sweetly mixt
The rich repast and the soft wanton bed
To clasp fair Friendship to their beating breasts,
And tell her, while each bosom's ardent pant
Seem'd lab'ring to give passage to the soul,
How pure, but how unspeakable, their bliss !

O when

O when at ev'ning oft along the walks
Where Twilight cast his shadow broad and cool,
We joy'd to rove, while o'er each other's neck
We threw our careless arm, how sweet the morn
Pour'd on the earth her pale but mellow light,
Chequer'd with dancing shades, that from the leaves
Of the o'er-waving tree, fell on her beam.
If chance the mournful mildly-breathing flute
Stole on the list'ning air, like the low voice
Of fair Endymion, when on the mount
Of grassy Ida, with the song of love
He welcomes early Dian from the sky ;
The foaming sounds seem'd soft, as gently soft,
As the attuning of our souls, and then
We stood wrapt up in them, our eager eyes
Fix'd on the vacant air, as tho' to seek
Whence rose the sweet, the pleasing melody.
Or if the viol, with its full brisk note,
Tripp'd gaily on the whisper-sighing breeze,
It seem'd as tho' the Dryads of the wood
Had call'd the crescent Goddess to the chase
With merry hunting song ; or smiling Pan
Had gather'd round him in his rural bow'r
With reedy pipe, the laughter-loving fawns,
The rough-cloth'd sylvans, and the wood-nymphs wild
That haunt the shady grove, or rudely sport
In the embow'ring forest, leaping round

'The waving trees in many an uncouth dance.
O then our hearts went tripping with the sound ;
And had light Ariel, spirit of the sky,
Haply been there, it seem'd as tho' our souls
Had on his silken wings pierc'd the thin air,
Crept with him in the cowslip's yellow bell,
Or hung beneath the blossom on the bough,
To find the sweet exhilarating strains.

And now, when Ev'ning to the ebon Night,
(Ebon, or haply, if along the sky
The bright'ning moon with broad effulgent ray
Gleams thro' the hov'ring shade that o'er the earth
Hangs dew distilling, fairer and serene)
Gives up her peaceful reign, in the smooth bed
Of grateful rest we dropt our wearied limbs.
Yet for a while, before the gentle sweets
Of sleep had clos'd our eyes, how oft we lay
Admiring thro' the casement open'd wide
The spangled glories of the sky, whose face,
Like the broad tail of Juno's stately bird,
Purpled with eyes, spread glorious to our view.
While from behind the silver-bosom'd clouds,
Scatter'd around like swelling flakes of snow,
At intervals fair Luna bursting forth,
Pour'd splendour round : so from the lawless bed
Of wanton Paris, when the laughing morn

Melted

Melted in streaming radiance from the sky,
 Rose matchless Helen, beaming blushing grace
 And love resistles on the rising day :
 So Cytherea from the frothy wave
 Rose in luxuriant beauty, when the hours
 Beheld her birth, and Zephyr's gentle gale
 With the rich perfume of the breathing Spring,
 Wafted the beauteous Goddess to the shore
 Of her lov'd Cyprus, while the circling nymphs
 That rule the waters of the hoary deep,
 Press'd on the billowy bosom of the sea
 Around her floating chariot, and with shouts
 Of gladdening triumph bade old Triton swell
 His echoing chonc, and wake all nature round.

'Twas then we rais'd our sacred thoughts to heav'n,
 Blessing its holy works, and calling down
 The dew of bliss upon each other's head ;
 While o'er our eyelids Sleep, with hand unseen,
 Slowly drew on his " gradual dusky veil,"
 And round our pillow threw a thousand sweets
 That tempt soft slumber, or with odour mild
 Soothe hard Fatigue ; our waking souls, meantime,
 Dreamt of our cloistered walks, and many a tale
 Told underneath the gothic arch antique,
 In humming whisper, or the cheerful laugh
 Sent back by Echo from the distant aisle.

Friendship

Friendship would never leave us ; from the hour
 Silent and solemn, when the setting sun
 Robes in rich purple all the western sky,
 To the gay smiling reign of dewy morn,
 Beaming with orient brightness, and again
 From lively morn to that still fresh'ning hour,
 When Eve's bright breezes fan the tepid air,
 And Sol once more sinks in his glowing bed.
 Congenial souls, soft harmony, rich peace,
 And pleasure, mixt with innocence and ease,
 Were all our own ; they rul'd the fleeting hour,
 Beam'd in each eye, and in each bosom thrill'd.

RETIREMENT,

OR THE GOLDEN MEAN.



Est modus in rebus, sunt certi deniq. fines;
Quos ultra, citraq. nequit consistere rectum.

HOR. SAT. I.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem

Diligit, tutus caret obfoleti

Sordibus tefti ; caret invidenda

Sobrius aula.

HOR. OD. X. LIB. I.



RETIREMENT, foother of the wo-worn breast,

By all the good and all the great carefs'd ;

Thy

Thy shady groves, thy fields of lively green,
Where Contemplation bends her brow serene ;
Thy rippling streams that silver o'er the plain,
The mild, the peaceful pleasures of thy reign,
Invite the song, be present at my lay,
And let me chant along thy velvet way.

How blest the mortal far from gorgeous care,
The tort'ring badge that Vice and Envy wear ;
Far from the rank that elevates mankind,
To shew their eyes the good they left behind :
As from the Alps the trav'ler tott'ring flow,
Bends o'er his native fields that smile below ;
And while the storm oft pauses o'er the plain,
Asks back his cottage and his crook in vain !
He cares not where Anibition's maniacs rave,
No royal flatt'rer, and no titled slave ;
But spurns behind him, as to light he springs,
The pomp of Courtiers, and the pride of Kings.

Nor sinks his manly soul to ruder joys,
That love the vulgar, vanity and noise.
Pleasures like these, that bubble and are dead,
Fly from his peaceful walks and placid head ;
That noble breast where sense and honour reign,
Disgrace and Folly toil to blot in vain.

Thus

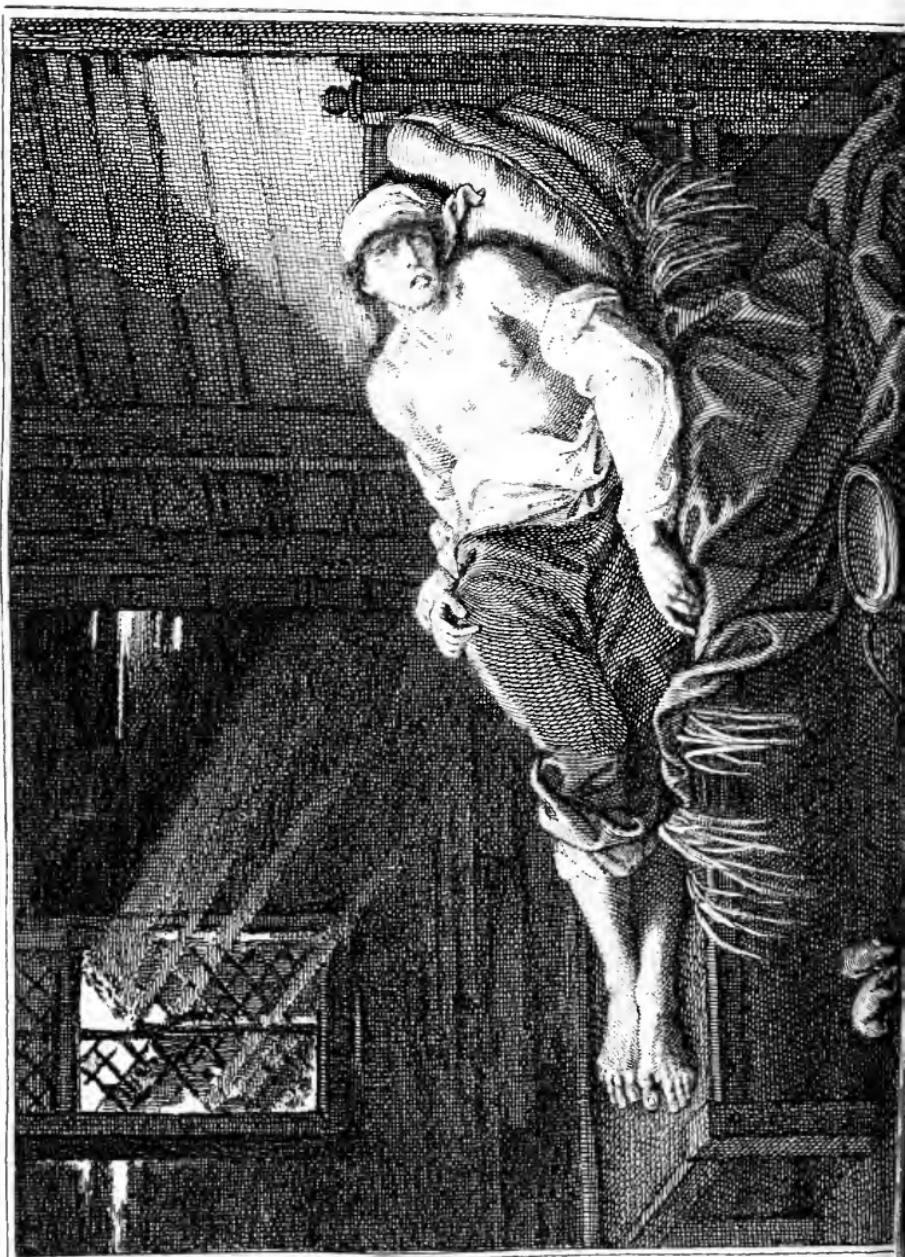
Thus the soft breeze, like some forgotten dream,
 Sighs o'er the oil that smooths the ruffled stream ;
 Yet flits unheeded o'er the wat'ry glass,
 Nor breathes impression on its crystal face.

This is the Man, this, this Creation's Lord
 Whom all must envy, yet whom all applaud !
 'This is the Man, " who," crowds admiring cry,
 " Has learnt to live, and trembles not to die !
 " Who wisely steer'd, where no loud tempests roar,
 " No rocks tremendous threaten from the shore ;
 " But kept life's middle stream, whose waters past,
 " Death frowns no more, and Heav'n is man's at last !"

Ye purpled wretches, crown'd with vice and shame,
 Wretches, whose all is vanity and name ;
 Ye scept'red Neros, pageants of an hour,
 Whose god is Mammon, and whose idol Pow'r ;
 Say, can your bosoms smooth Contentment know,
 With Peace be gentle, or with Virtue glow ?
 Can hot Intemp'rance cool your boiling veins,
 And yield to Virtue Reason's trampell'd reins ?
 Can shrivell'd Av'rice smooth the brow of Care,
 Or pois'nous Envy antidote Despair ?
 Can mad Ambition, pow'rs unfetter'd lust,
 Bid you be still, and tell you, ye are dust ?

Go !





Go ! search your treasures, mark the envious glance,
 The hectic glow of Riot's revell'd dance ;
 Exalt your heads, where high Ambition shrouds
 His arm in thunders, and his eye in clouds ;
 And is it there Peace hides her hermit head,
 Woes are no more, and human wishes dead ?
 Say, Wilmot,* first at Pleasure's painted goal ;
 Say, royal Richmond,† with thy shrivell'd soul ;
 Tell, stern Eliza,‡ thou whose vengeance dread,
 Fell Envy pour'd on sad Maria's head ;
 Tell, high-brow'd Wolsey, son of splendid Care,
 Thou castle, built of vanity and air ;
 Say, sleeps Repose, where Conscience finds no rest ?
 Does bliss enrapture in the guilty breast ?

While kings and nobles share the thorns of Woe,
 Some still are scatter'd on the crouds below.
 See thro' the mob, where Vice triumphant rules,
 And vacant Ign'rance stares among her fools ;
 See Discontent her mutt'ring lips conceal !
 And loud Contention threat the public weal !
 See Filth disgusting wallow in her mire,
 And Noise and Riot light eternal fire !
 And, ah ! let Pity turn her dewy eyes,
 Where gafping Penury unfriended lies ;

* Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

† Henry VII.

‡ Queen Elizabeth.

Where wild-eyed Hunger bows her fainting head,
And Sicknes swoons upon her tatter'd bed !
There no mild hand uprears the drooping form,
No meek Benevolence averts the storm !
Soft pillow'd Ease, that slumbers off the day,
And haughty Grandeur turn in scorn away ;
Till he, whom Fortune never call'd her own,
Sinks in the silent grave, unpitied and unknown !

O let me drop from scenes so full of care,
Rank's gilded wrinkles, and the Pauper's tear ;
O let me drop, Retirement, to thy shades,
Thy bubbling runnels, and thy silent glades ;
Thy fields, where Chearfulness disports the day ;
Thy groves, where penfive silence loves to stray ;
Thy level lawns, each pasture and each plain,
And all the beauties of thy woodland reign !

With these, sufficiency, content, and health,
I scorn alike nobility and wealth ;
Pomp and parade, like vengeful furies, fly,
And up no heights ambitious lift mine eye.
Religion only, as it only should,
Will make me noble, when it makes me good ;
Rich in her smiles, I glory to be man,
And life's no more a shadow and a span.

How

How sweet to rise, when Morn's resplendent hand
 Waves o'er the bright'ning sky her magic wand ;
 How sweet to rise, with manly Temp'rance strong,
 And hear the Lark begin his quaver'd song ;
 To view Creation smiling as she glows,
 And see fresh Nature waken from repose !
 Boast ye, ye sons of Opulence and Pow'r,
 Boast ye, 'midst all your treasures, such an hour ?
 Can pallid Sloth desert her downy rest,
 Or panting Asthma lift th' unweildy breast ?
 Does nightly Revel spring to hail the sky,
 Or Riot wake with Animation's eye ?

And, ah ! when Ev'nings " gradual dusky veil "
 Buoyts its dark texture on the soften'd gale,
 How lov'd yon arbour, where the honied flow'rs
 Bloom on the air, and scent the floating hours !
 There, when bright Titan sinks behind the hill,
 And his last colour's paint the village rill ;
 How joys the eye, attentive to the skies,
 To step down slowly as he slowly dies ;
 While streams of splendour roll along the west,
 And mark the limits of his purple rest !
 So sinks the man, whose conscience Heav'n approves,
 Whom Angels venerate, and Virtue loves.
 Lamenting Honour weeps upon his hearse,
 And carves in gold the monumental verse ;

While Glory beams o'er Death's retiring gloom,
And, with unfading splendor, crowns his tomb !

Thus pass his days, delightful and serene ;
Thus lives the man, who gains the Golden Mean.
He shuns alike ambitious storms of strife,
And flies the noisy walks of vulgar life ;
And, as Creation boasts her greenest birth,
Where the mild zone enclasps the smiling earth :
Far from the North, and all its winters drear,
And where no southern summers scorch the year ;
Thus joys his soul, thus smiles upon the day,
Where life's soft medium gilds his flow'ry way ;
Where Pleasure, pure as Heav'n itself that sent,
And Solitude sit dimpled with content ;
Where Peace is pomp, Humility a king,
And Nature boasts one unrevolving spring.

TRANSLATIONS.

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TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. OD. XIX.



THE tippling earth drinks up the dew,
The trees, O tippling earth drink you :
Neptune drinks air at ev'ry motion,
And Sol drinks Neptune like a potion ;
Till madam Luna, for a light,
Drinks up old Sol himself at night !
Why then d'ye hinder me from drinking,
When Heav'n itself's my way of thinking ?

ORIGINAL. OD. XIX.



Η γῆ μέλανα πίνει,
Πίνει δὲ δένδρε ἀυτὴν,
Πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὔρας,
Ο δ' Ἡλιος θαλασσαν,
Τὸν δ' Ἡλιον Σελήνη.
Τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἐπᾶρου,
Καυτῷ θέλωντι πίνειν.

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION
OF THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

FAIN would I wake to life a nobler string,
And Cadmus bold, and each Atrides sing ;
But as my fingers sweep the sounding lyre,
The Loves alone the alter'd chords inspire !

I chang'd the stubborn harp ; and to rehearse
Alcides' toils, essay'd the Epic verse :
Still, as my fingers sweep the sounding lyre,
The laughing Loves the alter'd chords inspire !

Ah then adieu, ye heroes ! to our song,
No themes so lofty, and so loud belong ;
For, as my fingers sweep the warbling lyre,
The Loves alone the tender chords inspire !

ORIGINAL.



Eἰς λύραν.

Θέλω λέγειν Ατρεΐδας,
Θέλω δὲ Κάδμον φέσιν.
Λαρηβίος δὲ χορδῶις
Ἐρωτα μῶιν ἡχεῖ.

"Ημεις φα νῦν φα τρών
 Καὶ τὴν λύξην ἀπασαν·
 Καὶ γὰρ μὲν ἦδον ἄθλους
 Ηρακλέας, λύρη δὲ
 Ἐρωτας ἀντεφώνει,
 Χαιρούτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,
 "Ηρακλεῖς, ή λύρη γάρ
 Μόνες ἔρωτας εἶδει.



TRANSLATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

"SEPTIMI GADES," &c. Lib. ii. Od. vi.



TO SEPTIMIUS.



All lov'd companion of my future way
 To Cadiz rich, or Biscay's free-born shore,
 Or the dread Syrtes, where with turbid play,
 The waters wild in boiling volumes roar;

O may fair Tivoli, whose peaceful breast
 Blest Argos lov'd, the labour of its years,
 Give to my silver age its promis'd rest,
 Soothe all its toils, and wipe away its tears!

If fate, unjust, my eager steps withhold,
 Quick let me turn, where thro' the flow'ry plain,
 Galefus, lov'd by all the wool-clad fold,
 Guides his mild wave ; Phalantus' rural reign !

To me far lovelier than each circling shore,
 That smiling spot salutes my ravish'd eyes !
 There sweet Hymettus brings her honied store,
 And rich Venafrum sees her olive rise !

There verdant Spring sits smiling on the year,
 And soften'd Winter smoothes his icy frown ;
 Nor envies Aulon, with his vineyards fair,
 The purple groves that gay Falernum crown !

These happy fields, these happy hills, once more
 Call us away, and catch the raptur'd eye !
 Here on your poet's ashes shall you pour
 Friendship's warm tear, and Pity's plaintive sigh !

ORIGINAL.

...>♦<....

A D S E P T I M I U M .

—♦♦♦♦—

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, et
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
 Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
 Aestuat unda ;

Tibur Argeo positum colono
 Sit meæ fedes utinam seneclæ ;
 Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
 Militiæ que

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
 Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
 Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
 Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 Angulus ridet ; ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedent, viridique certat
 Bacca Venafro.

Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
 Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 Fertilis Baccho minimum Falernis
 Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
 Postulant Arces : ibi tu calentem
 Debita sparges lacryma favillam
 Vatis amici.

PARAPHRASE

OF

HORACE'S ODE " INTEGER VITÆ," &c.*

THE man, my friend, that in his breast
 With ev'ry purer virtue's blest,
 Safe in his own approving heart
 Needs not the Moor's protecting dart,
 Nor seeks to bend against the foe
 With nervous arm the pliant bow,
 Nor o'er his neck throws, proudly great,
 The quiver big with pois'nous fate.

Whether on Afric's desert coast,
 Mid burning sands his steps are lost ;
 Or where Caucasian rocks on high
 Lift their proud summits to the sky,

* Prize Translation in the Monthly Preceptor.

Heap'd with inhospitable snow
 Pale gleaming o'er the plains below,
 Or where the streams romantic glide
 Of soft Hydaspe's silver tide.

For, as along the Sabine grove
 I sung the beauties of my love,
 And free from care, too distant stray'd
 Within its dark embow'ring shade ;
 The prowling wolf, with blood-shot eye,
 Unarm'd beheld me wand'ring nigh ;
 And, while I shook in silent dread,
 With howls the rav'ning monster fled !

Such, the grim terror of the wood,
 Ne'er learnt to lap the trav'lier's blood,
 Or from the panting victim tore
 The quiv'ring limbs with stifled roar,
 Where Daunia's spreading oaks arise
 In rugged grandeur to the skies ;
 Or where the Moorish lion stalks
 With monarch pride his arid walks.

O lay me, where Sol's gayest child,
 Refulgent Summer, never smil'd ;
 Nor Zephyr's mild refreshing breeze
 Fann'd the rich foliage of the trees ;

Where

Where ev'ry black portentous cloud
 And all the foggy vapours croud,
 When angry Jove in noxious air
 Extends his arm for vengeance bare ;

O lay me, where Sol driving high
 Flames wide along the sultry sky,
 No roof, beneath his parching ray,
 To soothe the pilgrim's weary way ;
 Yet, yet will I, nor ask for more,
 My lovely Lalage adore ;
 Her, who each love wing'd hour beguiles,
 As soft she speaks, and sweet she smiles !

ORIGINAL.

—
 INTEGER Vitæ, sceleris que purus
 Non egit Mauri jaculis nec arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
 Phusca, pharetrâ ;

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuofas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque

Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis ;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget :

Pone sub curru nimium propinquî
Solis in terrâ domibus negatâ ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.



S O N N E T S.



S O N N E T S.

SONNET.

TO SENSIBILITY.



SISTER of Love, thro' yon deserted grove
 That warblest sweet thy lorn, romantic tale,
 Or by the mould'ring abbey lov'ſt to rove,
 And ask the pity of the ſighing gale:

To thee, soft pow'r, the gently-throbbing breast,
 And am'rous glance, and love-lorn lay belong ;
 To thee, the vow to Love and her confest,
 Whose name fo oft has grac'd her Henry's song !

And O, let ev'ry fonder thought ſhe knows,
 With gayeſt hope on this bleſt bosom dwell,
 Where ſtill with veſtal fire affection glows,
 Still boasts her trueſt, tendereſt tale to tell !
 O let her bid the rapt'rous hour awake,
 When Time ſhall envy bonds he cannot break !

SONNET.

ON THE SICKNESS OF ELIZA.



Low on the bed of sickness, pale and weak,
Ah, Pity ! see the soft Eliza lie,
While still Consumption o'er her mournful cheek
Trails his lank form, and saddens in her eye.

So twining hideous thro' the rose-bed fair,
The long, lean lizard, drags his slimy way ;
While on the bosom of the pitying air,
It breathes the dying fragrance of decay.

Those beauteous lips, where health impurpled bright,
Those lips, where melody in nectar hung,
Those lips, how fade they from the ravish'd sight,
Pale the warm glow, and hush'd the warbling tongue ;
Ah, when again shall wake their gentle song,
That charm'd this ear, and thrill'd this heart so long !

THE

THE NEGRO BOY,

A BALLAD.

Pauperis onus visa est grave.

COLD blows the wind, and while the tear
Bursts trembling from my swollen eyes,
The rain's big drops quick meet it there,
And on my naked bosom flies!

O pity, all ye sons of Joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy.

These tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breast
By Winter harden'd into steel,
These eyes, that know not soothing rest,
But speak the half of what I feel!

Long, long, I never new one joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy !

Cannot the sigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind ?
Cannot one hand afford relief ?
One Christian pity, and be kind ?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy,
O little wand'ring Negro-boy !

Is

Is there a good which men call Pleasure ?
O Ozmyn, would that it were thine !
Give me this only precious treasure ;
How it would soften grief like mine !
Then Ozmyn might be call'd, with joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy !

My limbs these twelve long years have borne
The rage of ev'ry angry wind :
Yet still does Ozmyn weep and mourn,
Yet still no ease, no rest can find !
Then Death, alas, must soon destroy
The little wand'ring Negro-boy !

No sorrow e'er disturbs the rest,
That dwells within the lonely grave ;
Thou best resource the wo-wrung breast
E'er ask'd of Heav'n, or Heav'n e'er gave !
Ah then, farewell, vain world, with joy
I die the happy Negro-boy !

SONG. TO ELIZA.



If to mine eye, like thy fair cheek,
The rose soft pleasure could impart ;
Its flow'r with eagerness I'd seek,
And always wear it on my heart.

For where thy image loves to rest,
'Twould bloom with still redoubled glow ;
The panting soil that warms my breast,
No kinder, gentler, Sun can know.

SONNET.



September 8, 1800.

SAY, soft Eliza, good as thou art fair,
Lives one fond hope in Love's distracted breast ?
Must still the thrilling horrors of Despair
Fade my wan cheek, and canker all my rest ?

Alas ! thy tongue, that faulters to conceal,
Thy face averted, and thy fearful eye,
Too soon the rending answer will reveal,
That bids the fond and faithful Henry die !

To

To leave a world, where disappointment, sighs,
 And tears, and anguish, all were left for me,
 Is not the sentence that my bosom flies ;
 No, fair Eliza, 'tis a worse decree :
 From that sweet form to tear these streaming eyes,
 And live no more to love and live for thee !

SONNET TO EVE.

September 10, 1800.

QUEEN of the balmy Peace that soothes my breast,
 As oft I linger in thy dewy reign ;
 Whose gentle sighs lull Nature into rest,
 Whose sober shadows mellow o'er the plain.

How sweet to wander thro' the dusky vale,
 When Philomela weeps her bleeding woes ;
 When plaintive murmurings thro' the grove prevail,
 And purling runnels bubble to repose !

'Tis then the influence of thy placid wand
 Steals into solemn thought my penfive mind ;
 I bow enraptur'd to thy soft'ning hand ;
 And oft on yon old moss-grown bank reclin'd,
 List to the breeze that whispers thy command,
 While Fancy sighs each echo from behind !

SONNET.

SONNET.



September 10, 1800.

SWEET are the breezes that the lovely morn
Scatters around the glories of her way ;
Sweet are the sober tints that eve adorn,
And sweet the radiance of the noon-tide day.

But ah ! how sweet is Love's enraptur'd sigh !
How sweet the modest blush that dyes his cheek !
How sweet the glancing splendor of his eye,
Splendors that warm, and splendors that can speak !

Mild as the air, that breathes the vernal show'r,
Is the soft whisper of the vow of Love ;
Soft as the shadows of the floating hour,
Soft as the pearly dew that decks the grove ;
And, fair Eliza, if that Love has pow'r,
These heav'nly pleasures shall our bosoms prove.

THE MAD GIRL'S SONG.

September 11, 1800.

THE lily enamels the vale,
And roses they purple above ;
But how can their glories prevail
With a smile from the lips of my Love ?

I

But

But my Love, he was false and unkind,
 When he bade me depart from the grove:
 And I'll go : for I have not a mind
 That will laugh at the frowns of my Love.

I'll pick up the flow'rs that are dead,
 And deck all my bosom so gay,
 That Love shall come patting my head,
 And steal all their blossoms away.
 But, no ; he sha'nt rob me of these,
 Refusal his wishes shall prove ;
 For he would not, my passions to please,
 Inspire the cold breast of my Love.

I will visit the Cypress so sad,
 That hangs o'er the dark shadow'd grave ;
 And I know, tho' they tell me I'm mad,
 That I'll tear off its branches to wave.
 O, and then a sweet garland I'll twine,
 And shew all my friends how I wove ;
 And all, but the leaves shall be mine,
 For I'll give all the green to my Love.

But my Love, I'm afraid, wont be pres'd
 To take the poor gift, tho' so smart :
 For he scorn'd this fond fluttering breast,
 And all the warm wealth of my heart.

Then

Then I'll keep it and twine in my hair
 The green, and the boughs that I wove ;
 And when it shall fade away there,
 Sing dirges to it and my Love.

SONNET.

IN IMITATION OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

WELL, if I must, I think I might begin,
 But your long Sonnets are so horrid hard ;
 Yet soft, I've got in a poetic pin ;
 Wond'rous ! one stave's drop'd out this head of lard !

Well, I'll be hang'd if I know what to say :
 Why how ! I've tumbled on another line ;
 O admirandum ! Phœbus finiles to day ;
 Another ! Well, now, don't ye think, I shine.

Ah ! I shall faint ! Poor Pegasus wont drive !
 What ! At the Tenth ! Heav'ns, how the Muses fag !
 An't I the comicallest dog alive ?
 How now ! Twelve bits to this poetic rag !
 Fire and amazement ! keep it up ! You'll beat 'em ;
 Add up, my lads ! There's Fourteen, or I'll eat 'em.

TO ZEPHYR.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

*November 17, 1800.*

MILD Zephyr, o'er the verdant grove,
That sport'ſt in April's dewy ray,
O hear the tender sighs of love,
And wave thy wings and come away!

If c'er his plaints have reach'd thine ear,
If e'er his tears have met thine eye,
Go, tell Eliza, gentle Air,
I weep, I languish, and I die!

Eliza once my fondness knew,
Eliza once that fondness bleſt ;
Eliza frowns ; I fear to woo,
And hide the pang that rends my breast.

O go ; and yon refulgent ball,
And bounteous Heav'n thy care shall pay,
And melt the snow-drops as they fall,
Where'er thou tak'ſt thy evening play.

And

And where thou wav'st thy airy wing,
No chilling rains shall patter there ;
No driving hail deform thy Spring ;
Go, sigh my sorrows, gentle Air.

P A S T O R A L S.

PASTORALS.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL AND POPE.

PASTORAL I.



SEASON, *Spring.*—TIME, *Morning.*

ADDRESSED

TO GEORGE, EARL OF GUILFORD.

—Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

VIRG. *AEclog. vii. v. 4.*



IN fair Oxonia first, with vernal flow'rs
I crown the Muse that cheers my peaceful hours ;
Mild Isis, echo to the rural song,
That humbly skims thy silver stream along ;
Ye willows, quiv'ring o'er your waters play,
And nod soft plaudits to the whisp'ring lay.

IMITATIONS.

V. 1. *In fair Oxonia first.]* Pope opens his Pastorals by
“ First in these fields I try the sylvan strains.”

K

Offspring

Offspring of him, belov'd by Heav'n, who join'd
 The noblest wisdom with the purest mind,
 Attend the verse ; nor those, thy peers among,
 Who on thy patriot voice so oft have hung,
 Disdain these early numbers to receive,
 That in the sunshine of thy smiles would live.
 So round the gen'rous oak the mazy vine
 Loves, in gay wreathes, his infant leaves to twine ;
 Yet blushes, as it pays admiring court,
 And purples grateful o'er its high support.

Fair Morn yet linger'd in the op'ning east,
 And careless tints on distant mountains cast ;
 When three young Shepherds, o'er the spreading lawn,
 With early warblings hail'd the smiling dawn ;
 Till, as they pour'd their gather'd flocks along,
 Thus gentle Hylas stopp'd the flowing song :

HYLAS.

Lov'd Swains, the fav'rites of the rural Muse,
 See waking morn her purple rays diffuse ;
 Smooth Isis' streams reflected splendor yield,
 And gay, green Spring, enrobes the circling field ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 21. *Till, as they pour'd.]*

Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vales their fleecy care.

POPE.

Come

Come then ; the Muses love the vernal year ;
 Let songs, alternate, swell the cooling air ;
 While in yon waving Elm's embow'ring shade,
 In decent shew the rural feast be laid.
 Damon, begin ; your gentle reed inspire ;
 Then, Thyrſis, answer with Apollo's fie

DAMON.

What say you, Thyrſis ? I, unſkilful ſwain,
 Tune the mean pipe along the diſtant plain ;
 And stake this crook, with iv'ry head, as fair,
 As Delia's neck, or Daphne's flaxen hair.

THYRSIS.

And I this horn, which firſt my grand-fire found,
 And thro' the hollow pour'd the lenth'ning ſound ;
 A ring of gold enclaps the graceful curve,
 His bright reward whose ſongs the prize deſerve.

DAMON.

Fair blooming youth, O leave Idalia's grove,
 Thy feasts ambroſial, and thy Psyche's love ;
 Glow thro' the verſe, and ſmooth the rustic lays
 That ſeek no theme, but thine eternal praife.

IMITATIONS.

V. 28. *Let songs alternate.]*

Alternis dicetis.

VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 59.

V. 33. *What say you, Thyrſis ?]*

Vis ergo, inter nos, quid poſſit uterque, viciſſim

Experiāmur?

VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 28.

THYRSIS.

Melodious Phœbus, all my mind inspire
 With Hayley's air, or Southey's kindl'ing fire ;
 That not unequal to the task may prove
 Of singing Delia's charms, and Delia's love.

DAMON.

Me laughing Daphne softly lurks behind,
 Pelts the smooth plum, then trips along the wind ;
 Yet, while the bush conceals with sweet-briar green,
 She laughs aloud, and wishes to be seen.

THYRSIS.

While lovely Delia leads the floating dance,
 At each quick step she darts the fide-long glance ;
 While, winking round, in ev'ry soft retreat,
 How much her eyes belie her sporting feet.

IMITATIONS.

V. 45. *Melodius Phœbus.]*

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
 With Waller's art or Granville's moving lays.

POPE.

V. 49. *Me laughing Daphne.]*

Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella,
 Et fugit ad falices, et se cupid ante videri.

VIRG. ECL. 3. V. 64.

V. 53. *While lovely Delia.]*

The (ightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen,
 While a kind glance at her purfuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes.

POPE.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Sweet May is faithful to the honey'd flow'rs,
 March to the winds, and April to the show'rs ;
 Yet still more constant, while her Damon's here,
 Is charming Daphne all the varied year.

THYRSIS.

Fair Morning loves to court the tepid breeze,
 Mild Eve the cooler, Noon the shady trees ;
 Yet more than all, my Delia joys to play,
 Where faithful Thyrfis leads his flocks away.

DAMON.

The peaceful Olive sage Minerva bears,
 Bacchus the Vine, the Myrtle Venus wears ;
 Yet while my Fair admires the vi'llet blue,
 The vine, sweet flow'r, and myrtle, yield to you.

IMITATIONS.

V. 65. *The peaceful Olive.]*

Populus Alcida gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
 Formosæ myrtus Veneri, fua laurea Phœbo.
 Phyllis amat corylos : illas dum Phyllis amabit,
 Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 61.

THYRSIS

THYRSIS.

The hardy Oak is monarch of the plains,
O'er the soft stream the mournful Willow reigns ;
If Delia love the Rose, with blushes gay,
The Oak and Willow shall the Rose obey.

DAMON.

When hoary Winter chains our fields in frost,
And lively Verdure in his snows is lost ;
If Daphne smile, stern Winter frowns no more,
And greener verdure crowns the flow'ry shore.

THYRSIS.

When thirsty Sirius rages o'er the fields,
And fainting Nature to the tyrant yields,
In Delia's presence, her enliv'ning eye
Sparkles with life, and splendor paints the sky.

IMITATIONS.

V. 69. *The bardy Oak.]*

Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis ;
Scœpius at si me, Lycida formose, revisas,
Fraxinus in sylvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 65.

V. 77. *When thirsty Sirius.]*

Aret ager; vitio moriens fitit aeris;
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit. Ecl. 7. v. 57.

DAMON.

DAMON.

If in some distant grove my Daphne roam,
 Far from her shepherd's flock and native home ;
 Hush'd are the birds, the sorrowing flow'rs droop low ;
 And the dull streams in languid silence flow.

THYRSIS.

If cruel Delia from her Thyrfsis hide,
 By yon dark elm, or Thames sedge-mantled side ;
 In vain bright Titan gilds the burnish'd plains ;
 He soothes the least who smiles upon our pains.

DAMON.

Ah, yield thee, Thyrfsis ; or with promptness tell,
 What sweet is that from show'ring Heav'n that fell ;
 Unfold the riddle, and the crook is thine,
 To curb the goats that crop the early vine.

THYRSIS.

Yet boast not Damon ; first that flow'r declare,
 That joins a metal with a virgin fair ;
 Then his loud horn shall conquer'd Thyrfsis yield,
 And all the praises of the wond'ring field.

IMITATIONS.

V. 81. *If in some distant grove.]*

— At si formosus Alexis
 Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina secca.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 55.

HYLAS.

HYLAS.

Equal in wit, and in the flowing ryhme,
 In years tho' greener than the youthful lime.
 Admir'd by Phœbus, and by Love careſſ'd,
 Who can discern the youth, who ſings the best ?
 Bleſt in unrivall'd Friendship, ſtill maintain
 Th' admiring plaudit of each humbler ſwain ;
 While to thee, Damon, this transparent horn,
 That clear reſiects the purple tints of Morn,
 Glad, I adjudge ; and, Thyrſis, to thy care,
 Commit this crook with mounting iv'ry fair.
 But haste away ; the ſweet repaſt is laid,
 Inviting Hunger in the rural shade :
 Put up your pipes : the birds your notes prolong ;
 Let them take up the warb'ling of the ſong.

IMITATIONS.

V. 100. *Who can discern.*]

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 108.

V. 109. *Put up your Pipes.*]

Claudite jam rivos, pueri.

VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 111.

PASTORAL II.

PASTORAL II.

SEASON, *Summer*.—TIME, *Noon*.

ADDRESSED

TO MASTER F. H. PAPENDIECK.

Tantus dolor urit amantes.

OVID, Met. lib. iv. v. 278.



IN Windsor groves, where cooling Zephyrs play,
 And Thames smooth waters guide their chrystral way,
 The gather'd Swains, with rural labour tir'd,
 Sought the mild breezes, and the reed inspir'd ;
 While, where the oaks hang round their ample shade,
 Their crooks negle&ted, and the flocks were laid.
 Soft as they fung, along the verdant shore,
 The feather'd songsters seem'd to charm no more ;
 All Nature smil'd ; gay sprung the blooming flow'rs,
 And harmless Mirth led on the dancing hours.

Fred'rick, attend ; hear one sad lay complain,
 That to our friendship adds this length'ning chain ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 7. *Soft as they fung.]*

Soft as he mourn'd the streams forgot to flow. POPE.

How swains, tho' faithful as thyself, have mourn'd
 Affection scorn'd, or friendship unreturn'd ;
 Hear all the griefs, and all the ills of love ;
 For thou can'st pity, and may chance approve.

Alone retir'd from this enliv'ning scene,
 Palemon slowly pac'd the distant green ;
 Where, on his head, Sol pour'd his burning ray,
 And, in hot splendor, flam'd the cloudless day :
 Loofe, o'er his shoulders, fell his airy flute,
 So lively once, but now so sadly mute ;
 O'er his blue eyes his flaxen tresses hung,
 While mournful thus in gentle plaint he fung :—

Ye radiant sun-beams, parching from above,
 Ah fierce, indeed, but not so fierce as Love ;
 Ye fields of azure sapphire, sparkling fair,
 And ye, beneath, that Summer's verdure wear,
 All Nature, listen to the piteous lay,
 That longs, like you, yet sickens to be gay ;
 And, oh, if Grief should spoil the heart-felt verse,
 Him pity most, who fails it to rehearse.

Ah ! thinks my Rosalind, what restless pain,
 Her faithless breast inflicts upon her swain ;
 While o'er the thirsty fields he seeks to trace
 Some footstep printed on the trodden grafs !

Fond,

Fond, simple youth, when, joying in her love,
 Thy Rosalinda sought the shady grove,
 Where oft enraptur'd on the bank she stood,
 As in the blushing stream my face I view'd ;
 And told me, bending o'er the gurgling wave,
 Not Morn herself such lovely blushes gave ;
 Why did I eager drink her perjur'd praise,
 Why round her head enwreathe the grateful bays ?
 Yet cruel Love still wrings my wo-worn breast,
 Nor laughing Summer brings Palemon rest !

Come, view my cottage, that, on yonder hill,
 Climbs o'er the hedge, and looks upon the rill ;
 O'er its smooth top the bow'ring elm survey,
 That shades my windows from the scorching ray ;
 While creeping upwards on its cover'd side
 The winding ivy mounts in verdant pride.
 Around, like silver peeping from the grafts,
 Thame's subject stream directs its waves of glass ;
 Till spreading slowly as it onward moves,
 It bounds below, and rushes to the groves.
 Here will we love ; and when the bright-eyed Morn
 Wakes to new light and life the purpling Dawn,

IMITATIONS.

V. 40. *As in the blushing stream.]*

..... Nuper me in litore vidi,
 Quum placidum ventis flaret mare. VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 25.

V. 47. *Come, view my cottage.]*

O deign to visit our forsaken seats. POPE.

Thy liquid voice in heav'ly notes shall rise
 With my low flute, soft warbling to the skies ;
 Or if it please thee better, from the cotes,
 Thy tender hand shall drive the udder'd goats :
 While round the plain, where fresh'ning Zephyr breathes,
 Thy careful swain the colour'd garland wreathes ;
 To deck thy bosom, or attentive spread
 The rifled Summer on thy bashful head !

The yelling lion pants the wolf to seize,
 The wolf the kid, the kid the tender trees ;
 The sad Palemon, with enquiring eyes,
 And eager haste, for Rosalinda flies ;
 Yet the fierce lion lives not in his breast,
 No savage Hunger robs his soul of rest ;
 Love, gentle Love, the shepherd's anxious care,
 Urges him on, and shews the promis'd fair ;
 Yet as I haste to clasp her in these arms,
 Fled is her form, and all her glowing charms !

IMITATIONS.

V. 59. *Thy liquid voice.]*

Mecum una in sylvis imitabere Pana canendo.

VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 31.

V. 62. *Thy tender hand.]*

Hædorum que gregem viridi compellere hibisco.

VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 30.

V. 67. *The yelling Lion.]*Torva leæna lupum sequitur; lupus ipse capellam;
 Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.

VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 63.

And

And is it thus, malicious god, the youth
 Is robb'd of all, that vow'd eternal truth ?
 That he, who spoils the flow'ry pride of Spring,
 His votive garlands on thy shrine to bring ;
 That he, who sings thy praises all the year,
 For Rosalinda clasps the shadowy air ?

O'er distant fields no more my feet shall roam,
 Nor sad Palemon leave his peaceful home.
 This flute, which Mœris with his dying breath,
 Gave as a pledge that Friendship lives in Death ;
 This flute no more shall unregarded hang,
 With which so sweetly thro' the groves he sang :
 To yon thick shade, lamenting, I'll retire,
 And to soft plaints my mournful reed inspire !
 Yet, why bright Phœbus fly ! a livelier flame,
 With cherish'd hate, exhausts my drooping frame.
 Still, still I burn ! ah, rather let me say,
 Palemon's free when Rosalind's away :
 Reflecting Reason blot the fatal word,
 And to rough Love be smooth Content preferr'd.
 But haste, Palemon ; to yon shady green,
 Where limpid Thame adorns the verdant scene,

IMITATIONS.

V. 85. *This flute which Mœris.]*

Fistula, Dametas dono mihi quam dedit olim ;
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.

Urgē

Urge the quick step : for, on the margin gay,
 The heedless flock in wild disorder play.
 Farewel, ye plains, ye verdant lawns, adieu,
 Ye fields of green, and ye of azure blue !
 Farewel, false Rosalind ; my beating breast
 Denies me more : let tears declare the rest !

PASTORAL III.

SEASON, *Autumn*.—TIME, *Evening*.

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE T. ERSKINE.

Amor, che per gli affani cresce.

PETR. p. 33.

...><...

FAIR was the eve ; and o'er the western sky
 Departing Phœbus cast his gentler eye ;
 Autumnal glories mark'd rhe yellow plain,
 And golden Ceres spread her waving reign,
 When wand'ring Strephon, mourning o'er the mead,
 With gentle breath inspir'd the plaintive reed ;
 While pitying Zephyrs wafted thro' the grove,
 The mingled notes of Sorrow and of Love.

'Thou,

'Thou, whom a nation's love, a nation's praise
 Crowns yet unwearied with immortal bays ;
 Whom gracious Heav'n, in pity to mankind,
 Gave to scourge Vice, and curb the erring mind ;
 O let my Muse, by thy great name inspir'd,
 With Erskine's native eloquence be fir'd !
 From thy warm eye expressive Pity sent,
 Shall mountains melt, and bid the rocks relent ;
 The woods shall mourn, and heap'd upon the shore
 Old Thamus weep, and Isis smile no more !

From Strephon's bosom burst the tender sigh,
 And Grief's big drop stood trembl'ing in his eye !
 Streaming it fell : Love caught the pearly tear,
 And whisper'd comfort in the shepherd's ear.

Ah, cruel god, reply'd the care-worn swain,
 Thy smiles are sorrow, and thy pleasure pain !
 Still, as I bow beneath thy burning shrine,
 Contempt, Refusal, and Despair, are mine !
 No promis'd joys by love-sick Fancy dreft,
 No promis'd raptures throb within my breast !
 Fair Peace, adieu ! and ah ! no more be mute ;
 But mourn with me, my sweetly-warbling flute !

IMITATIONS.

V. 30. *But mourn with me.]*

Incipe Manalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

VIRG. Ecl. 8, v, 21.

And does Menalcas, rev'ling in her charms,
 On Sylvia's breast repose his iron arms ?
 Perverted Nature, mourn thy banish'd reign,
 And weep with me o'er ev'ry murm'ring plain ;
 The savage eagle, screaming, courts the dove,
 To snowy hinds the lion roars his love ;
 Wild in the flock the rav'ning wolf's preferr'd,
 And foaming tygers sport among the herd !
 Fair Peace, adieu ! And ah, no more be mute ;
 But mourn with me, my sweetly-warbl'ing flute !

In this lorn breast, where Sylvia's image lies,
 Love asks in vain, while vanish'd Hope denies !
 Once could I wish, when artless was my age,
 And smiling Time unroll'd his brightest page ;
 Once could I wish, when first my Sylvia rose,
 Like op'ning flow'rs their budding charms disclose ;
 When first she rose, the splendor of the plain,
 And stole the heart of ev'ry simple swain ;
 Till Disappointment drove me from my land,
 And dash'd the cup of Rapture from my hand.
 Weep, hapless youth ! and ah ! no more be mute ;
 But mourn with me, my sweetly-warbl'ing flute !

IMITATIONS.

V. 31. *And does Menalcas.]*

Mopso Nisa datur ; quid non speremus amantes ?
 Langentur jam gryphes equis. VIRG. Ecl. 8. v. 26.

Ye groves, forsaken by your wretched swain ;
 Ye mazy woodlands, nodding o'er the plain ;
 Ye bleating folds, once Strephon's fleecy wealth,
 My slender crook, fond pleasure, and fair health,
 All, all, adieu ! To me, the shady grove
 Has lost its charms, since Sylvia has her love !
 For some new swain my wand'ring flock must look,
 And all the garlands wither on my crook !
 Weep, hapless youth ! and ah ! no more be mute ;
 But mourn with me, my sweetly-warbl'ing flute !

Soft fung the shepherd ; and on distant plains
 Delighted Echo spread the plaintive strains.
 Thame rais'd his head, and bending o'er the meads
 Told the mild numbers to his waving reeds ;
 While Windsor fields, forgetful to rejoice,
 Caught the sad influence of his magic voice.

Hark ! What sweet murmurs break from yonder grove !
 What chanting Nymph laments her bleeding love ;
 Still on mine ear the silver numbers steal,
 And rising throbs within my breast I feel !
 The shepherd paus'd : while, floating gently near,
 These mournful numbers trembled in his ear :—

Sweet is the light that glitters thro' the sky,
 And sweet soft Ev'ning with her virgin eye ;

Dear is the hope that flatters me to rest,
 And lov'd the purple stream that warms my breast !
 But ah ! How sweet, how dear, how lov'd, the youth,
 That to this wretched bosom vow'd his truth !
 Who from these lips love's warm avowal heard,
 That love to Pleasure and to Peace preferr'd !
 Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe ;
 And mourn, ye bubbling streams, that purl beneath !

Once soft Content reveal'd her placid charms,
 And Joy, with smiles, would woo me to her arms !
 Once from his shrine Love bow'd his yielding head ;
 But Love, and Joy, and soft Content, are fled !
 Care on my lips compels his bitter bowl,
 And Woe's rude tempest shakes my tortur'd soul !
 Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe ;
 And mourn, ye bubbling streams, that purl beneath !

Ye playful Nymphs, that haunt the woodland scene,
 The flow'ry valley, or the upland green ;
 Or ye, in Thame's smooth flowing stream, that lave,
 And cleave with polish'd arm the chrystal wave ;
 In what cool bow'r, what wat'ry grotto's shade
 To sad complaint impervious, were you laid ;
 When Force unmanly dragg'd me from my fields,
 And all the joys my peaceful cottage yields ?
 Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe ;
 And mourn, ye bubbling streams, that purl beneath !

If

If Health's warm smile these drooping charms restore,
 And Hope's unalter'd eye be dim no more ;
 If Love has pow'r to bind the hearts of swains,
 (And that he has, O tell my native plains !)
 This weary hand that props my tearful cheek,
 With painful toil and trembling mis'ry weak,
 This weary hand shall be the youth's alone,
 Who call'd so oft that weary hand his own !
 Witness ye groves, with gilding Autumn gay,
 Ye waving fields, that glitter on the day,
 Ye whisp'ring leaves, with yellow border bright,
 And ye, ye floating splendors of the light !
 Despis'd Menalcas mourns my flight in vain,
 And Sylvia's Strephon shall be hers again !
 Sport now, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe ;
 And smile, ye bubbling streams, that purl beneath.

Soft ceas'd the Fair ; then beam'd from out the grove
 In all the luring languishings of love ;
 Caught by the breezes shook her clust'ring curls,
 Shook, as when Eve her trembling veil unfurls ;
 An airy robe her floating form betray'd,
 And o'er her breast in ruffling eddies play'd ;
 From her bright eyes a thousand glances speak,
 And blushing beauty purples on her cheek.
 Enraptur'd Strephon gaz'd upon her charms,
 And wildly rush'd, and clas'd her in his arms :

“ These fond carefes,” sighed the blooming swain,
“ These dear embraces bind us once again!
“ O may no more the wiles of fortune part
“ This parting bosom from thy Shepherd’s heart !
“ If Love, too cruel, smile but to deceive,
“ And Woe once more the loom of mis’ry weave ;
“ That ruffian hand that tears me from thy side,
“ Shall point the grave, where hapless Strephon died !”

PASTORAL IV.

SEASON, *Winter.*—TIME, *Night.*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. COWPER.



Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus
 Tam chari capit is? præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene: cui liquidam Pater
 Vocem cum eithara dedit.

Ergo — — — — — perpetuus Sopor
 Urget! cui Pudor, & Justitiae foror
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
 Quando ullum invenient parem?

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 24,



DAPHNIS.

NOT the smooth Streamlets that with rippling tide
 In murmurings mild the chrystral pebbles chide ;
 Not summer-airs that fan the rustling grove,
 Or the warm whispers of enraptur'd Love ;
 Not Pan himself can so beguile mine ear,
 As when Amyntas' gentle reed I hear ;
 But, ah ! his sweet celestial strains are gone,
 And rich Elysium claims her tuneful son !

MERIS.

MŒRIS.

See solemn Night begins her dreary reign,
 And Winter bleaches o'er the icy plain ;
 Pale Luna sleeps behind the dark'ning cloud,
 And Nature lies beneath her frozen shroud :
 So drear to me is Rapture's dancing ray,
 So cold to Mœris Pleasure's warmest day ;
 So darken'd, Youth's bright sunshine, now no more,
 So frozen Health, whose blushes glow'd before :
 For, ah ! with thee I weep our Shepherd's death,
 And raptur'd Harmony's forgotten breath !

DAPHNIS.

As the tall Poplar waves above the reed,
 Or Windsor-groves rise graceful o'er the mead ;
 As lovely Roses blush upon the thorn,
 Or flow'ry Buds the tangled hedge adorn ;
 Thus lov'd Amyntas rivall'd ev'ry swain ;
 Thus with his warblings grac'd the ravish'd plain ;
 Thus bow'd each Shepherd to his mellow flute,
 Till Verse, Amyntas, and Delight were mute !
 Mourn, mourn, ye Horrors of the frozen year,
 And melt in tears of anguish o'er his bier !

IMITATIONS.

V. 18. *And raptur'd Harmony's.]*

—Fair Daphne's dead, and Music is no more ! POPE.

MŒRIS.

MŒRIS.

Yon aged tree, where once his sculptur'd name
 Would Admiration's passing tribute claim,
 The envious snows in clust'ring heaps conceal,
 And graven boughs no more the charm reveal :
 Beneath the frost of Death's relentless hand
 Thus dies the Muse, thus leaves a weeping land ;
 Thus fades the landscape from our straining sight,
 Where soaring Rapture wing'd her visions bright ;
 Where Fancy planted gay her colour'd goal,
 And magic Melody enchain'd the soul !
 For, ah ! Amyntas droops his gentle head,
 And Rapture, Fancy, Melody, are fled !

DAPHNIS.

Chain'd is the music of the purling spring,
 And stiff the tender turtle's useles wing ;
 So fast in Death the fetter'd Muses lie,
 So fixt our tuneful Swains enliven'd eye !
 And, ah ! no more shall Summer's glowing reign
 Restore his numbers to their native plain ;
 No more light Autumn wake to visions gay
 Those eyes, cold hidden from the light of day ;
 Though melting Springs again shall soothe the grove,
 And pliant pinions oar the failing dove !

Weep,

Weep, Mœris, weep ! Amyntas charms no more ;
And Pan chants vainly o'er the desart shore !

MŒRIS.

Ah, down these cheeks full oft the tearful stream
Steals in the day, and dews the nightly dream ;
Full oft Remembrance thorns within my breast,
And Meditation lures me from my rest !
O'er this cold grave that decks the snowy way
With old o'er-waving cypress sadly gay,
O'er this cold grave pale vigils will I keep,
And bid the wand'ring pilgrim pause and weep ;
While thus the sorrow by his sighs betray'd
Shall soothe in penive lay the list'ning Shade :—

“ Thee, sweet departed Warbler of the plain,
“ Who charm'd so oft lorn Echo's mournful reign ;
“ Thee, when green Spring her verdant mantle weaves,
“ And laughing Summer crowns her head with leaves ;
“ Thee, when bright Autumn paints the golden land,
“ And hoary Winter waves his icy hand ;
“ Thee shall Remembrance fancy in her way,
“ Chanting with tuneful reed thy placid lay ;
“ And, with her wonted rapture wildly warm,
“ Present the laurel to th' ideal form :
“ Thee shall Affection mourn, along thy bier
“ Mingling with silent grief the bursting tear ;

“ Thee

“ Thee Honour, acting in his noblest part,
“ Hold in each eye, and grave within each heart ;
“ Till Spring no more, or Summer’s sparkling eye,
“ Or yellow Autumn beam along the sky ;
“ Till hoary Winter loose his icy chain,
“ And Joy, immortal as thy numbers, reign !”

E L E G I E S.

N Q



E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y.



WRITTEN IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. —



IN this cold solitude, this awful shade,
Where sleeps the lyre of many a tuneful breath,
The ghastly shroud, and dust-disturbing spade,
Invite the shudd'ring Thought to Gloom and Death.

Yet, while my careful feet flow pace along
O'er the dumb tales of learning and of fame,
Remembrance fond recalls the Poet's song,
And Admiration points the chisell'd name.

To boast the wonder of attentive crouds,
And wrap the soul in ecstasied applause,
To reach Futurity, that spurns the clouds,
And unlock Harmony's enchanting laws ;

For

For this the Poet rolls his phrenzied eye,
And wakens Rapture with his fairy hand ;
For this he warbles transport to the sky,
And pours enchantment o'er a thrilling land !

Live not, where Shakespeare lays his awful dust,
The marble records of immortal fame ?
Weeps not the Muse o'er Rowe's beloved bust ?
And speaks not Truth in Gay's untitled name ?

Who boasts of Kings when bending o'er the shade,
Where lies the harp sublime of free-born Gray ?
Who talks of pomp, or who of proud parade,
Where modest Thomson drops his spotless lay ?

If courts are nobler than the Muse divine,
Princes and lords had long usurp'd the praise ;
Some laurell'd Wilmot wanton'd but to shine,
Some Henry hoarded for immortal bays.

Yet them no more shall Admiration high
Lift from the turf that triumphs o'er their clay ;
For them no tear stand quiv'ring in the eye,
For them no bosom sigh its plaintive lay !

Unwept, unpitied, drooping to their doom,
They creep to death, nor leave a trace behind ;
No plaintive breath lamenting o'er the tomb,
But yon cold grass that whistles to the wind !

Ye gorgeous worms, that glitter in the sun,
Ye worms of wealth, and vanity, and sway ;
Say, have ye ought of praise, of glory won,
That thus ye flaunt along your gaudy way ?

'Tis not the splendor of the cherish'd hoard,
Pomp's carv'd atchievements, or the robe of pow'r ;
'Tis not the purple of a nation's lord
Can claim Futurity's emblazon'd hour

Foul Av'rice watches but to gain a grave,
And haughty Pride must bow to shrinking age ;
Pow'r has not learnt the storms of death to brave,
And Grandeur crumbles from her gorgeous stage !

The heart that loves, that is the friend of all,
And meek Humility's unlordly breast,
These are the beams that glitter o'er the pall,
And sink resplendent, like the Sun, to rest !

And, ah ; if e'er on them the Muse's eye
Shed the bright influence of her heav'nly fire ;
Applause shall live for ever where they lie,
And one eternal triumph be their lyre !

IN MEMORIAM

Jacobi Hay Beattie Art. Magis,
 Patris Admirandi Filii Admirabilis,
 Philos. In Colleg. Marischal. Professoris ;
 Qui Morum Suavitate Et Benignitate,
 Mentis Que Divinâ Sublimitate
 Ingenium Facetissimum,
 Bonarum Literarum
 Summam Peritiam,
 Scientiam Theologiæ Non Mediocre,
 Necnon Philosophiæ Graviorem
 Præter Ætate Longius Profectos Conjunxit :
 Dum Simul Vias
 Poesis Leviores
 Non Humili Gradu
 Perambulavit.

In Gremium Omnipotentis,
 Qui Nunquam In Vitam Despexit
 Nisi Simul Subridens
 Mitem Et Immortalem
 Animam Exspiravit
 XIX. Novemb. MDCCXC.
 Anno Ætat. Suæ. XXII.

LOST,

Lost, sainted son of virtue and of worth,
And hast thou breath'd thy gentle foul away?
Must Heav'n so soon demand thee from this earth?
So soon demand thee to eternal day?

O had it still, in pity to us all,
Breath'd lively health into thy placid breast;
Vice had not ever triumph'd in our fall,
Or with her hated scorpions thorn'd our rest!

But man's low dwelling was unworthy thee;
And Heav'n perceiv'd, and op'd its arms above:
There shall thine eyes their kindred sweetnes see,
And there thy breast its kindred virtues love.

And though thy feet, so soft, so humbly trod
Along life's noiseless, solitary vale;
Thy shade shall walk exalted by its God,
Where courts and kings have panted but to kneel.

Say, can thy death by aught be duly wept,
The sculptur'd tomb with worthy tears be dew'd?
Shall sadd'ning vigils o'er thy hearse be kept,
And melting Sorrow at thy grave be woo'd?

Sad Wit, forgetful of his wonted smile,
 The sigh unusual o'er thy turf shall pour ;
 Philosophy be taught to weep awhile,
 And ev'ry Muse a sep'reate loss deplore !

Farewell, meek Moralist ; blest Bard, adieu !
 And Life, lamented by a widow'd age !
 That Life, soon snatching from our raptur'd view
 The gentle annals of its spotless page !



EPITAPH ON ROBESPIERRE.



In Memoriam
 Infamem Et Semper Execrandam
 Maximiliani Robespierre
 Parisii Detestabilis Tyranni ;
 Monstri
 Cujus Sitis Ardens
 Sanguinis Humani Effundendi,
 Cujus Usurpatio Infana
 Sancti Nominis
 LIBERTATIS ;
 Cujus Atra Et Cruenta Mens
 Rabie Indomita Crudelitatis
 Nunquam Satis
 Expleta,
 Cujus

Cujus Contemptus Omnis Instituti
Mortalium vel Dei Immortalis,
Cujus Vita Et Anima
Cruore Patriæ
Vulneratæ Et Morientis
Purpurata,
Mors Et Miseria Fuere
Piis Et Patriæ Amantibus,
Delectus et Dapes
Mentibus non Suæ Imparibus
Impietatis Et Diabolorum.



Of aspect ruthless as the frown of Fate,
Form'd to be hated, as himself could hate ;
Of soul too impious to be curs'd in song,
Dark as that eye of Death he fed so long ;
Of passions fir'd by ev'ry fiend that fell,
The sword of Slaughter in the hand of Hell ;
He kiss'd the steel a country's blood had stain'd,
And died that Daemon that he liv'd and reign'd !



O D E S.

O D E S.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM OSSIAN.

POINTED star of coming night,
 Glitt'ring is thy western light!
 Slowly from thy cloudy bed
 Liftest thou thine unshorn head ;
 And, upon yon hills of chalk,
 Stately is thy beamy walk !
 Say what now beholds thine eye,
 In the plains below that lie !

High the storm that howl'd before
 Listens to the torrent's roar .
 Up the black rock, which circling waters lave,
 Distant beats the sounding wave ;
 O'er the field on feeble wings
 In drowsy hum the beetle sings.
 Pointed Star, what sees thine eye
 In the plains below that lie ?

O'er

O'er thy lips of crimson hue
 Spreads the smile ; thou sink'st from view :
 The curling waves, that round thee gently dash,
 In murmurings soft thy lovely tresses wash ;
 Farewell, still beams of thy fair eyes !
 —Thou light of Ossian's foul arise !

V A L O U R.

WHEN Valour, fearless maid, was born,
 She wander'd friendless and forlorn ;
 Till once, in Greece, when first it rose
 Superior to its neighb'ring foes :
 She saw in ev'ry eye a fire,
 Which none but Valour could inspire,
 And pleas'd to find it all her own,
 In Sparta first she rais'd her throne.

'Twas Valour taught the art of war,
 To throw the lance, and drive the car ;
 'Twas Valour ev'ry bosom fir'd,
 Fill'd high with courage, warm'd, inspir'd,
 Taught the bold warrior how to die,
 And bade the vanquish'd scorn to fly ;
 Gave to her fav'rite Greece the sway,
 And bade each circling shore obey.

Each

Each state its hero then could boast,
The king and guardian of its coast ;
And Argos saw her children brave
The terrors of the foaming wave :
E'en gods were jealous at the fight,
And crowded on the Olympian height ;
And when the Colchian prize was won,
They snatch'd above each Argive son.

From ancestors renown'd as these,
Who neither fought nor funk to eafe,
An hardy race of heroes rose,
Alike regardless of repose ;
And Persia's sons beheld the day,
When on Platæa's plains they lay ;
And saw, and saw alone to mourn,
The laurel from their temples torn.

On Mycale's sea-circled shore,
Again they heard the battle roar ;
Unnerv'd to fight, afraid to die,
Again the Persian turn'd to fly.
Then Xerxes rose, and left behind
His millions, but a grave to find ;
And while the coward monarch fled,
Greece rent the turban from his head.

Ah! lost to all her patriot fame,
 Where now is Grecia's glorious name!
 —'Tis fled ;—and Sparta's hardy race
 Shew but a female's languid face.
 Their bosom now no ardour fires,
 No courage warms, no zeal inspires;
 And Valour's self, to roam no more,
 Has come to Albion's white cliff'd shore ;



S P E E C H O F C A R A C T A C U S
 TO
CLAUDIUS CÆSAR.



Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem.....

HOR. Lib. ii. Od. 3.



MIGHTY Cæsar, tho' to thee
 Britain bows the bended knee ;
 'Tho' her hardy warriors know
 Victor is the valiant foe ;—
 Tho' her king with tort'ring pain
 Captive drags the galling chain ;
 Rome itself shall never boast
 Britannia's glory all is lost !

Saw

Saw thou not, Ostorius bold,
 Where in blood my chariot roll'd;
 Saw thou not in ev'ry eye
 Firm resolve and courage lie ?
 Saw thou not each Britith sword
 Carve a passage for its lord,
 Where the Roman eagle spread
 Her purple pinions o'er thy head?

When misfortune hovers nigh,
 Let the coward wish to die ;
 And, like Cato, robb'd of rest,
 Plunge the dagger in his breast !
 But, tho' feeble, pale, and wan,
 Still your captive is a man :
 And for me, if life is rough,
 To live and to be brave's enough !

Tho' these hands no more may wield
 Pond'rous spear, or massy shield ;
 Tho' this tongue may ne'er again
 Bid the British troops be men ;
 Hope, with ever-lifted eye,
 Hope, enchanting, still is nigh !
 Yes ; they shall again be free,
 And triumph in their liberty !

TO HONOUR.

—•••••—————•••••

Honos alit Artes.

→→@←←

HONOUR, nurse of ev'ry art,
Warm inspirer of the heart,
Thee, for all men own thy sway,
“ Tributary kings obey ;”
Thee, the warrior claims his due,
Honour, all he holds in view.
“ ‘Twas for thee,” he cries, “ I rode
“ Fiercely thro’ the fields of blood ;
“ Woke Discord with the trumpet’s breath,
“ And dipt my sword in blood, and purpled it with
death !”

When in brisk enliv’ning notes
Sweet the liquid music floats ;
When the deep-ton’d organs blow
Solemn measures, soft and flow ;
Or the clarions from afar
Rouse the ruthless storms of war ;
Whose, but thine exalted hand,
Wakes with transport all the land ?
Whose, but thy voice in thunder told,
Calls to the well-fought field the enterprising bold !

See,

See, where on the canvas glows,
Christ triumphant in his woes * ;
See, as wild he sweeps the lyre,
Anger all the bard † inspire,
While, at each prophetic sound,
Death and Ruin storm around ;
Who, but thou, the Master taught
Imag'd life and pictur'd thought !
With life inspir'd each wond'rous form ;
Gave deadlier looks to Death ‡, new terrors to the
Storm § ?

Last, yet richer drest than all,
Poesy attends thy call :
Thee, when Milton soaring high,
Search'd the glories of the sky ;
Thee, when Gray's terrific hand,
Woke to Vengeance Cambria's land ;
Or enraptur'd Collins sung,
As Fancy wild her reeds among ;
Thee she saw, while wond'ring earth
View'd with awe thy glorious birth ;
Thee she beheld with eager eye,
And wav'd her airy wing, and hail'd thee from the
sky !

* West's Crucifixion. † Fuseli's Bard, from Gray.

‡ West's Opening of the Seals, from Revelation.

§ West's Lear in the Storm.

TO TRUTH.



TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day ;
O thou, of all the cherub choir,
That boast'st to wake the sweetest lyre,
And chant the softest lay.

By him, who 'midst his country's tears
Stood moveless to a thousand fears,
And sinild'd at racks and death ;
By Persia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old
That bow'd thy shrine beneath ;

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
By laurell'd Honour's stately name,
And cheek-bedimpled Love ;
O lift from thy majestic head
The veil that o'er its tresses spread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove.

Thee chaste Religion's virgin breast,
And Hope, with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail ;

Simplicity

Simplicity with lilyed crown,
And Innocence untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.

The dæmon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blemish'd ray
The poison of his tongue ;
O bid him, from thy dazzling sight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among.

And, in the horrors of his train,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path serene ;
While Guilt, on ev'ry fullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mein.

Then o'er thy flow'r-enamell'd way
Shall Youth, in artless frolic gay,
His rustic hymns increase ;
While Britain, raptur'd at the sound,
Shouts to her echoing shores around,
“ Truth, Liberty, and Peace ! ”

FOR 1799.



WRITTEN AT THE TIME

OF

THE WAR IN SWITZERLAND.



SWIFTLY o'er the barren heath,
Fliest the distant echoing blast ;
Burning War and thirsty Death,
Gloomy horrors round them cast !

“ What bring ye, wide rushing storms ? ”
Cries the mountain Swiss afar !
“ Whence are those terrific forms,
“ Thirsty Death and burning War ? ”

Stern he said ;—In wild reply
Howl'd the dæmon of the wind :
“ Wretch, thy patriot friends must die,
“ Gaul and Vengeance frown behind ! ”

Loud he cried ;—the warrior frown'd,
Rushing down the craggy steep ;
Soon the chief his brethren found,
Yielding indolent to sleep.

Like

Like the waking thunder, rose
 Heroes at his loud alarms ;
 Starting quickly from repose,
 Onward rush'd the bold to arms !

Slow advancing from the west,
 Rose the battle's iron storm ;
 Pierc'd was ev'ry warrior's breast,
 Pale was Freedom's drooping form !

O'er the widely-wasted heath,
 Hollow was the voice of woe !
 Scatter'd lay the swords of Death,
 Scatter'd lay the chieftains low !

Oft before the dewy Spring
 Sadly smiles, is Freedom seen
 Weeping, fresh blown flow'rs to bring,
 And deck each corse with honours green !

TO GENIUS.

IRREGULAR.

Q THOU, to all the vulgar blind,
 Who fill'st the Poet's ample mind

Q

With

With rapture, such as Shakespeare felt,
 When at thy sacred shrine he knelt ;
 Such as inspires, in lofty strain
 To tell of agony and pain ;
 Or, o'er the harp, as the slow fingers move,
 The gentler, soft, sooth'd mind inspires
 With silent, yet more glowing fires,
 While the loud numbers melt to strains of breathing
 love.

O with that glow whose modest flush
 Gives Thomson's muse her chaster blush,
 Or with th' expanding flames that silent lie,
 To burst more bright from Collins' eye ;
 Or with the voice of Milton's song,
 Pure as the heav'n, and as its thunder strong ;
 O fill my mind with all thy strength,
 Like thy ideas without length ;
 Pour thro' my soul thy beaming light,
 Within be glorious day, tho' all without is nigh !

Yet to that day, so bright begun,
 O grant there be no setting sun ;
 Let not Distraction's hurrying storm,
 Or idiot Madness, restless form,
 Deface thy lively ray ;

Long

* Long, Genius, let thy suppliant view
 Thy airy robes of varying hue,
 And eyes that dazzle day.
 But if thy warm inspiring breath
 Grow cold at the approach of Death ;
 If at his wintry grasp thy fire
 But faint my lonely breast inspire ;
 Grant to the coming night, O youth divine,
 One ray may linger yet, one cheering beam may
 shine !

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IN IMITATION OF POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Natura beatos
 Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

CLAUDIAN.

HAPPY the youth, whose early days
 The sweets of Friendship charm away ;
 Content to breathe his humble lays
 Simple and gay.

* Long, Pity, let the nations view,
 Thy sky-worn robes of tend'rest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light. COLLINS.

Whose friend of sense and love is made,
 Whose mind is dress'd as gay as Prior ;
 Whose Muse, when warm, that mind can shade,
 When cold, can fire.

Blest on a faithful breast to find
 Wants, cares, and sorrows, glide away ;
 Unmov'd, in body or in mind,
 To chide the day.

No thoughts at night except the dreams,
 Together mixt, of love and peace !
 And musings fir'd with inward beams
 Of heav'nly grace !

Thus let me live, known but by one,
 Mourn'd but by one, my race thus end ;
 Forgot by all that race that run,
 Except my friend!

TO FRIENDSHIP.



○ THOU, who winding thro' the wrinkles deep
 Of giant Care, smooth'st out his rugged brow
 As polish'd as thine own,
 With wiles unknown before ;

Or

Or with thy lovely hand, lurking unseen,
Stamp'st a new dimple on his furrow'd cheek,
While his dark-boding eye
Starts into animation ;

How sweet thy form, when, hanging o'er his head,
Thy gentle tear meets his ; that, rushing down,
Melts on his icy breast,
Rich with thy glowing pearl !

Or when pale Melancholy, maid forlorn,
Mourns in soft plain thro' yon deserted grove,
When Eve in bridals grey
Weds Twilight's sober form ;

How sweetly hangs upon thy honey'd tongue
Persuasion, eloquent and mild, as oft
Thy soothing voice subdues
Her wo-worn soul to peace !

O lovely maid, if aught my humble lay
Avail to move thy gen'rous pitying breast,
Whose rugged numbers oft
Have hail'd thy genial reign ;

By all the griefs that rent the vengeful breast
Of dread Achilles, when the Trojan arm
Stretch'd on the clang ing earth
His bold, his patriot friend ;

By all the fire that flash'd from Nisus' eye,
When the lov'd warrior lay convuls'd in death,
 His tresses rudely tost
 On his cold, pallid cheek ;

O still, to light and life, affection warm,
And all the nameless blessings thou canst give,
 Pure, innocent, and free,
 The social youth preserve,

Who, in the cloister'd walks, where first I learnt
To feel thine influence mild, full oft has vow'd
 To deck thy hallow'd shrine
 With Summer's gayest stores !

Then, soul-endearing maid, each rising morn,
That paints with purple all the glowing sky,
 Shall to thy bosom waft
 On Meditation's wing

Our heart-felt raptures, whether close conceal'd
By academic grove thou love to lay
 In thick embow'ring shade,
 Thy olive-wreathed head :

Or roving far by Thame's moss-mantled side,
Crown thy gay temples with the moisten'd sedge,
 That decks its rural banks
 With lively glowing green.

FRIENDSHIP.



SWEET to the captive's raptur'd ear
 Gay Freedom trills her airy song ;
And gaily to the eye of Care
 The golden Morning floats along ;
And lively to the wither'd glade
 Is wak'ning Spring's enamell'd brow ;
And rapt'rous to the weeping maid
 Reviving Love's ecstatic vow ;

But when pale Sorrow's languid eye
 With tears of crystal is bedew'd,
Tho' Friendship's smile betrays a sigh,
 With sweeter charms it is endued.
And sweeter than the airy lay
 Of Freedom to the captive's ear ;
And gayer than the dawning day,
 That dances to the eye of Care ;

And livelier than the colour'd brow
 Of Spring, that paints the wither'd glade ;
And more enraptur'd than the vow
 In Love's returning transports made.
Then where, O where's the drooping heart,
 If, while the storms of anguish blow,
Fair Friendship from the tempest start,
 And smile a rainbow on our woe ?

And

And where's the foot that faintly treads
Life's wide and weary vale along,
If roses on its path she spreads,
And warbles round her thrilling song?
No such has heav'nly Virtue found
Within the precincts of her sway;
Nor flying Fancy's airy round
Encircled in its magic way.

For where she shews her hallow'd form,
Eternal sunshine decks the sky ;
Peace calms to rest the turbid storm
And Toil, and Grief, and Anguish die !
Hope is not there, for all is giv'n
That Fancy's happiest thoughts reveal ;
Bliss, such as blooms the flow'r of Heav'n ;
And Rapture, such as angels feel !

THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING.

WHEN Youth in Greece's polish'd groves
Was fav'rite of the laughing Loves,
The little Genii to surprise
He bade the glowing Pencil rise,
And form'd a fairy sprite that kept
The sacred wonder while he slept:
Up sprung the urchin into air,
Polite, persuasive, free and fair;

Such manners got a name in haste,
And lovely Cupid call'd him Taste.
From him full oft in airy bow'r
They snatch'd the emblem of his pow'r,
And bade upon the canvas start
The tender passions of their heart ;
While lively Youth the wantons taught
Each fancy of the poet's thought,
And fairy visions flutter'd gay
Around the Eden where they lay.

Then first, 'tis said, in colours green
The pictur'd landscape rose to view,
And distant mountains oft were seen
To dip in heav'n their foreheads blue ;

And trees their leafy honours bow'd,
And reeds were waving to the gale,
And runnels seem'd to prattle loud,
And shepherds pip'd along the vale.

There oft within the murmuring grove
The swain compos'd his am'rous lay ;
There oft the virgin own'd her love,
And blush'd along her modest way.

There scenes alone of rural rest
 Youth was then divine in painting ;
 A grander grief, a fiercer fainting
 Than Love had shewn, his hand had ne'er display'd :
 Thence stronger years were call'd by Art
 To give her touch a deeper shade,
 And teach the painter's toil a bolder part ;
 And where they dash'd the pencil warm
 Historic Glory rais'd her awful form,
 And War unsheathe'd the sword, and pierc'd the
 bleeding breast !

The foul's exertion tir'd ; and lost to fame
 Greece funk her bleeding head ;
 While the gay Laurel from her barren name
 Planted in a Roman shade,
 Where Painting's alter'd pencil laid,
 Green flourish'd o'er the genial land,
 Till Death and Darkness arm'd the Vandal's hand ;
 Then around the wasted scene
 War howling shook his gory mien,
 And savage slaughter blew the blast of Woe ;
 The Muse wept o'er her ruffled wing,
 And sigh'd whene'er she sought to sing ;
 Thalia kiss'd her laurel drooping low,
 And dew'd with crystal tears the colours of her bow *.

* The Rainbow here attributed to the Muse of Painting, from its numerous and splendid colours.

From flaming Latium's desolated land
 Italia's phoenix form arose ;
 Upsprung the laurel to her gentler hand,
 And Painting smil'd above her cloud of woes.

Then with a wild ecstatic heat
 Reclin'd in Fancy's airy seat
 The pencil met her Raphael's* eye ;
 Gay Youth at length exulting view'd
 His hands with stronger pow'rs endu'd,
 And laugh'd along the sky.

But see ! before his sparkling sight
 Fair forms of Joy, and panting Pleasures shine ;
 Idalia darting from her Cyprian shrine,
 Bursts her radiant veil of light ;
 And piercing in his painted bow'r,
 Bright her beams, and hot the hour,
 In the convulsive raptures of her bowl
 Drowns his transport-frenzied soul !

* Raphael d'Urbino, born at Urbino in the States of the Church in Italy, had arrived to such a height of excellence in painting, that in the flower of his youth he was styled the Prince of Painters, and still continues at the head of his profession. This great artist died at a very early period of life, in consequence of a continual and unlimited round of intemperance and debauchery.

Heard ye Thalia's plaintive sighs ?
 The warm excess has burst his boiling veins !
 The bloom of Beauty is no more,
 But pallid Tremor reigns !
 On cheeks, that summer-purple wore,
 The winter-lily lies !
 Ah ! yet life glimmers faint and fast !
 No more ! —— the gaudy gleam is past ;
 And great Urbino dies !

Alas ! where now, in what sweet shade
 Wilt thou, thou rich-rob'd fair, be laid ?
 Where paint again thy visions wild ?
 Ah ! Where shall Youth's exulting eye
 A pencil yet sublime descry ?
 Where sad Thalia weep away
 The tears that cloud her festive day,
 And weep her fav'rite child ?
 Yet mourn no more ! see from the main
 The Queen * of Isles arise ;
 Old Triton wakes his echoing strain,
 And from the grottos of the deep
 The blue-eyed Naiads gaily peep :
 Now in dashing frolic sporting
 Swiftly thro' the waves they glide ;
 Now the gentle waters courting
 Stretch them on their polish'd side.

* Britain.

And hark ! flow swelling on the western gale
 The pomp of Music floats sublime along ;
 The sons of Ocean raise the choral song,
 And bid their British Goddess hail !
 Thalia catches comfort from her eyes,
 And as her colour'd pinions spread,
 Waves high the laurel-wreath, and crowns her
 sea-green head.

O Britain, in thy boasted isle
 The favour'd Muses loveliest smile ;
 Whate'er with lyre sublimely strung
 Calliope exalted sung,
 When Homer first the colleague shone
 Of Majesty's empyreal throne,
 Or Maro's eye with modest ray
 On Pindus shot sorer day ;
 Whate'er the Muse of Painting taught
 To give the eye the range of thought ;
 Whate'er with steady hand she drew,
 Or wildly dash'd for bolder view ;
 When Zeuxis* o'er his pencil smil'd
 To see his critic eye beguil'd ;

O1

* Zeuxis and Parrhasius, two rival Greek Painters, determined to decide the superiority of the pencil, by submitting two of their works to a public examination. They met accordingly; when Zeuxis produced

Or from Apelles* with surprise
 Greece saw a second Ammon rise ;
 Whate'er Parnassus boasts her own,
 Thy sons display around thy throne :
 There Fancy in the sunshine flings
 A thousand colours from her wings ;
 There Judgment's eye with ken profound
 Surveys his philosophic round ;
 And Wisdom with his star-crown'd head
 Sees worlds unknown before him spread.

Yet ah ! when Barry's glowing eye
 Shuts cold within the grave ;
 When Fancy's dreams her Fuseli fly,
 Nor longer in his eagle flight
 Reflecting ev'ry varied light
 Her gleaming visions wave ;

duced his piece, representing two men carrying a bunch of grapes, which the birds immediately flew to and pecked ; this sufficiently proved the nice execution of the grapes ; but this was not the praise that Zeuxis wished ; who candidly acknowledged that want of manliness in the faces of the bearers, which failed to hinder the near approach of the birds. He now turned to Parrhasius, and desired him to remove the curtain, that his picture might be examined : the curtain itself was the picture : when this exclamation of submission and admiration burst from his astonished rival :—“ Zeuxis has deceived birds, but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis himself ! ”

* Appelles, the Prince of Grecian Painters, and favourite of Alexander the Great, whose picture none but himself was permitted to copy. It is reported that he executed so great a likeness of that Prince, that the horse of the Monarch neighed on approaching it, supposing himself in the presence of his master.

When

When Hist'ry weeps her dying West,
 And tears her variegated vest
 At ev'ry streaming tear ;
 Ah ! who on sad Thalia's cheek
 Recalls the faded bloom ;
 Whose hands the drooping laurel seek,
 That waves in silence dark and drear
 Above the Muse's tomb ?

See o'er the fields of Glory gay
 Yon youthful form arise
 'That from his hand diffuses day,
 And darts along the skies !
 'Tis He !* But why the hurrying gleam
 That marks his ardent way ?
 Why streams yon wild disorder'd beam
 With quick convulsive ray ?
 Ah ! know'st thou not that sparkling bowl
 In Pleasure's fatal arm ?
 Hide, lurer, hide the fraudful charm !
 Yet vain the pray'r ! See, where his trembling soul
 With the wild rapture panting, dying,
 Now on Hope's faint pinions flying,

* T. Kirk, one of the most animated and promising Painters this country has produced, died, like that Raphael he was so skilfully imitating in spirit and grandeur of design, a victim to licentiousness; and was cut off in the flower of his youth, a few years since.

Now casting back on life's lost glitt'ring scene
 'The dimm'd and dark'ning eye,
 Views pale and ghast its course beneath,
 Cheer'd by no soft, no rural landscape green,
 The realms that bound the vale of Death,
 Gulph without depth, and cloud without a sky ;
 Gloom, where Fate is taught to frown,
 Shades, that Fear and Horror crown ;
 Where is felt a weight of Night,
 And Blackness that can blast the light !

Ah ! would this tear could melt his woes away,
 'This sigh his spirit call, and bid it mix with day !

Turn yet, ye Suns of Genius, turn,
 With undiminish'd lustre burn ;
 Turn yet from yon obscuring cloud,
 Where Sorrow weaves her dropping shroud ;
 And, o'er the fields of Glory borne
 Beyond the reach of fallen night,
 Dart from your eyes the wonted morn,
 That gave our day delight !

For see ! Where on Thalia's head
 With rays of beaming grandeur spread,
 Rich blooms again the laurel green !

And low ! flow moving o'er the radiant skies
 With steadier step and of majestic mien,
 He* comes, the Youth who charm'd a Britain's
 eyes,

* R. K. Porter, the rising and much admired painter of the Storming of Seringapatam.

When from his pencil Valour rose,
 And, tow'ring high above his Eastern foes,
 Wav'd his red standard o'er the daring scene.

O Painting, next in Fancy's heart,
 To her sublime thy Sister Art,
 Who taught her Shakespeare's breast to glow
 With more than thou, a Goddes, know ;
 Thou, warm Expression's rosie child,
 Whose blushful cheek has ever smil'd,
 But when in some unwonted hour,
 Pale Sorrow met thy pitying pow'r ;
 Such time, as lost in mimic pain
 A tortur'd Saviour died again,
 The while thy tyrant son * beneath
 The bleeding model gasp'd in death ;
 Pour, Goddes, on this tasteful age
 Thy breathing soul's divinest rage,
 Each beam that sparkles from thine eye,
 Where rang'd the colour'd splendors lie,

* Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who united in his person the different arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, lived during the revival of learning in Italy ; and, as master of the first profession, ranks second in the list to the immortal Raphael. An anecdote, as cruel as it was ungenerous, here alluded to, is related of this artist :—That in order to paint the agonies of Death with greater force in the face of a crucified Saviour, he stabbed a man at his feet, and copied the tortured and frightful lineaments of his visage, as he lay expiring.

The glowing thought, the mind of fire,
 And all that Fancy's charms inspire !
 E'en, Virgin, to this breast impart
 If not to feel, to love thine Art,
 Delight to view each pictur'd tale,
 Where Virtue and her sons prevail,
 Where Taste has moral ends pursu'd,
 And Genius teaches to be good.
 Impart ; and each new wonder giv'n
 Shall bid me hail thee " Lov'd of Heav'n ! "

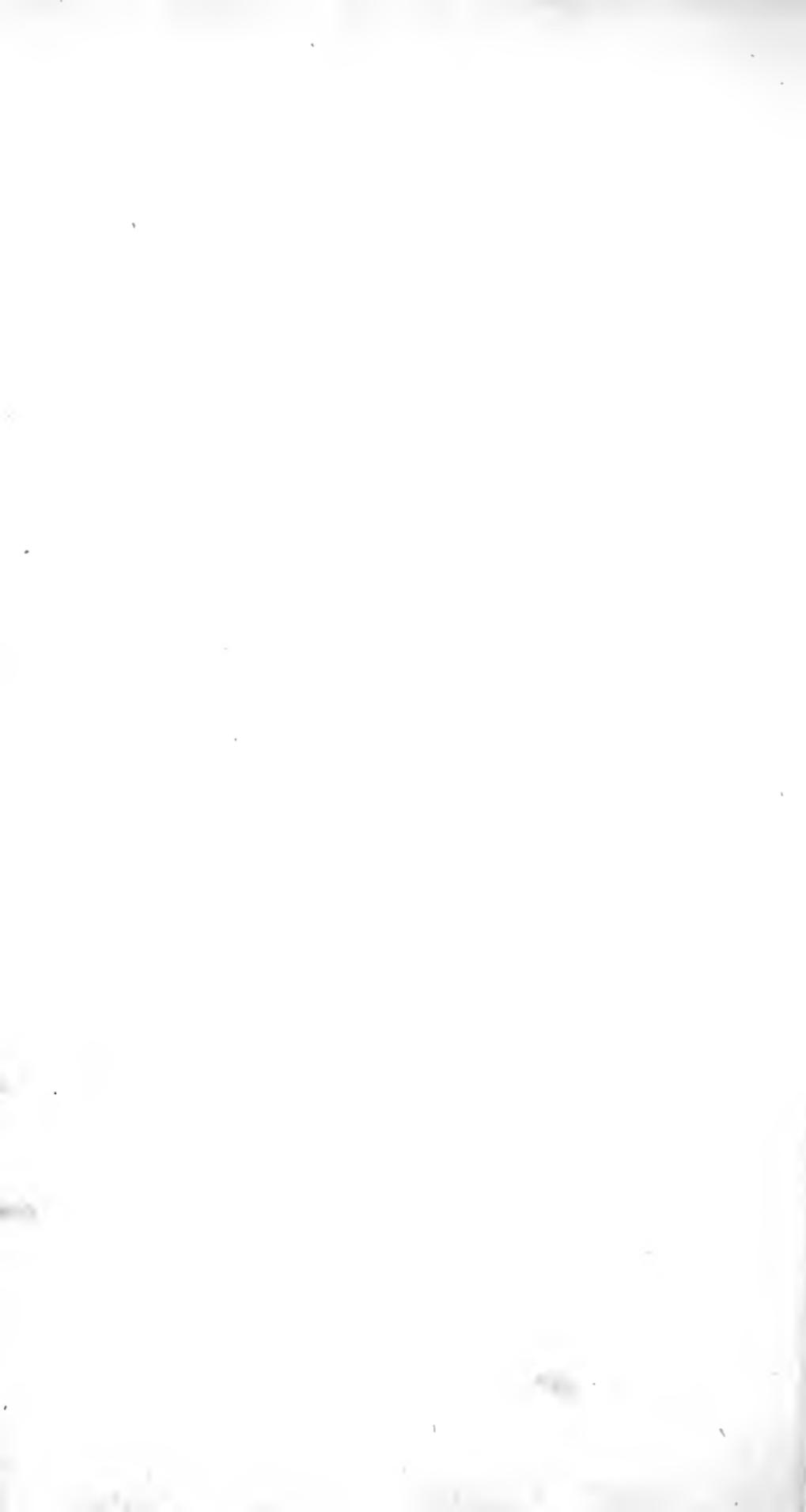
WANDLE'S WAVE.

THE placid eve, the whisp'ring gale,
 Bid musing Love and Peace prevail ;
 And call the lonely swain to stray
 Where breezy Coolnes fans the way.
 How sweet to breathe thro' yonder grove
 The pensive lay, the sighs of Love,
 While streams in answ'ring murmurs lave
 The peaceful banks of Wandle's Wave !

Yet, ah ! the notes that Friendship taught,
 Must soon awake a gloomier thought,

Since

Since She will close those eyes of fire
That now the rural song inspire ;
The summer eve, the cooling grove
Hear then no more the sighs of Love ;
I go to dress Affection's grave ;
Adieu, the banks of Wandle's Wave !



H Y M N S.



H Y M N S.

TO THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.



Deo Opt. Max.



ALMIGHTY King, who sit'st above,
Enthron'd with Majesty and Love,
Eternal Arbiter of fate ;
Whether we name thee God of all,
Or Alla, Jove, or Mithra call,
Thou, thou alone art truly great !

Princes, the shadows of thy nod,
Live but to shew, how low to God
Is all the gaudy pride of earth :
Thy Kingdom comprehends all space ;
Thy Crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
Is glorious as the Morning's birth !

If earth's an atom in thy sight,
Enwrapt in Folly's mazy night,

How

How low am I that on it dwell !
Thy Brightness, not the sun can show ;
Thy Voice, not all the winds that blow,
Nor all the rolling thunders tell !

The earthquake, and the tempest, both
Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
When Vice appall'd shrinks at thy frown ;
But fearless Virtue's heav'nly form,
Sits, like an angel, mid the storm,
And smiling wreathes her olive crown.

Grasp the whole earth within thy hand,
Bid heav'n be nought at thy command,
Thou, only thou, be still the same ;
The void immense itself shall cry,
“ Glory to thee, O God most High,”
And ever “ hallowed be thy Name !”

HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? Qui res hominum ac deorum
Qui mare, et terras, variis que mundum
Temperat horis.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. xii. v. 13.

SPRING.

How smiling wakes the verdant year
Array'd in velvet green!
How glad the circling fields appear,
That bound the blooming scene!

Forth walks from heav'n the beaming Spring,
Calm as the dew she sheds;
And o'er the winter's mutt'ring king
Her veil of roses spreads.

The sky serene, the waking flow'rs,
The river's loosen'd wave,
Repay the kind and tepid Hours
With all the charms they gave.

T

And

And hark ! From yon melodious grove
 The feather'd warblers break ;
 And into notes of joy and love
 The solitude awake !

And shall the first belov'd of Heav'n
 Mute listen as they sing ?
 Shall Man, to whom the lyre is giv'n,
 Not wake one grateful string ?

O let me join th' aspiring lay,
 That gives my Maker praise ;
 Join, but in louder notes than they,
 Than all their pleasures raise !

From stormy Winter hoar and chill
 Warm scenes of peace arise :
 For ever thus from seeming ill
 Heav'n every good supplies.

For see, 'tis mildness, beauty, all
 Around the laughing whole ;
 And Nature's verdant charms recall
 The mildness of the soul.

O Thou

O Thou, from whose all-gracious eye
The sun of splendour beams ;
Whose glories ev'ry ray supply,
That gilds the trembling streams ;

O'er Nature's green and teeming fields
Bid flow'ry graces rise,
And ev'ry sweet Creation yields
Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil
Along the stubborn land,
O kindly lift the yielding soil,
And soothe the lab'ring hand.

Thence bid gay Fruitfulness around
Her blooming reign extend ;
And where thy richest gifts are found,
Tell who the heav'nly Friend.

As with her smiles, Life's weary vale
Is gentler trod below ;
With thine, the closing home we hail,
That shuts us in from Woe !

Till that celestial home is ours,
 Let us its Lord implore,
 Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,
 And guide us to the door.

SUMMER.

BRIGHT Summer beams along the sky,
 And paints the glowing year ;
 Where'er we turn the raptur'd eye,
 Her splendid tints appear !

Then when so fit to lift the song
 To gratitude and Heav'n,
 To whom her purple charms belong,
 From whom those charms are giv'n ?

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
 Man worships not alone ;
 Each budding flow'r its incense brings,
 And wafts it to thy throne.

The

The fields with verdant mantle gay,
The grove's sequester'd walks,
All, all around, thy praise display,
And dumb Creation talks.

When Morn, with rosy fingers fair,
Her golden journey takes ;
When fresh'ning Zephyrs fan the air,
And Animation wakes ;

Man starts from emblematic death,
And bends the grateful knee
To welcome with transported breath
New light, and life, and Thee !

When Noon averts his radiant face,
And shuts his piercing eye ;
And Eve, with modest measur'd pace,
Steps up the western sky,

Repos'd beneath thy guardian wings
The pious mortal rests ;
Nor knows one watchful care that springs
Within unholy breasts.

When

What then, if pealing thunders roll,
 If lightnings flash afar !
 Undaunted hears his faintest soul
 The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
 That blesses while it blames ;
 That bids unburden'd air rejoice,
 And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
 That soothes the wearied mind ;
 The labour'd day's restoring balm,
 The comfort of mankind.

O thus may Heav'n and holy Peace
 Smooth soft the rocks of age ;
 Till Thou shalt bid Existence cease,
 And tear its blotted page :

Till storms no more, or tempests rage,
 And Death's dark vale I see ;
 That vale, which through the shadowy grave
 But leads to Heav'n and Thee !

A U T U M N.

FAIR Autumn spreads her fields of gold,
And waves her amber wand ;
See earth its yellow charms unfold
Beneath her magic hand !

Unrivall'd Beauty decks our vales,
Bright Fruitfulness our plains ;
Gay Health with Chearfulness prevails,
And smiling Glory reigns.

To Thee, great lib'ral Source of all,
We strike our earthly lyre ;
Till Fate our rising soul shall call,
And Angels form the choir.

The splendour that enchant's our eyes,
Reminds us of thy fame ;
The blessings that from earth arise
Thy generous hand proclaim.

The

The plenty round our meadows seen
 Is emblem of thy love;
 And harmony that binds the scene,
 The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
 And in destruction fair,
 The golden harvest strews the ground,
 And shuts the labour'd year.

Man drops into refreshing rest,
 And smooths his wearied brow ;
 With rural peace the herds are blest,
 And Nature smiles below !

O let thy hand, parental King,
 Be open to our pray'rs !
 Unlock sweet Plenty's lib'ral spring,
 And show'r untainted airs.

And send me thro' life's noiseless way,
 With Innocence my guide ;
 Let no temptations bid me stray,
 And leave her angel side !

O let

O let the bird of tuneful breath,
The beast that frisks on earth,
The fish that sports the wave beneath,
Enjoy their short liv'd mirth !

Let no rude instrument of Fate
Arrest the flutt'ring wing ;
No horns re-echo at my gate,
That smiles and slaughter bring ;

No quav'ring line, with tortur'd snare
In agonizing fraud,
Explore the streams, that flow so fair,
To tempt the wat'ry lord !

That Mercy which to man is giv'n,
So sweet with dewy eyes,
O let it seek its native Heav'n,
When gentle Pity dies !

WINTER.

HARK ! 'twas dark Winter's fullen voice,
That told the glooms that reign'd ;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd !

And see green Autumn dies away ;
The pallid fire is come !
The plains his shiv'ring rules obey,
And every wave is dumb !

Yet still with cheerful heart I pace
The whit'en'd vale below :
And smile at every printed trace
I leave upon the snow.

Thus (soft I whisper to my breast,)
Man treads life's weary waste ;
Each step that leads to better rest
Forgot as soon as past !

For

For what is life and all its bliss ?
 The splendour of a fly ;
 The breathing of the morning's kiss ;
 A summer's flushing sky.

Dismantled lies the gaudy fly ;
 Morn droops at Evening's frown ;
 And Summer, tho' so gay her eye,
 Tempestuous terrors crown !

Yes, Lord ; but shoots no gladd'ning day
 Thro' this nocturnal scene ?
 Decks not one gem of lively ray
 Grief's darksome wave unseen ?

How sweet the evergreen beguiles
 The gloom of yonder snow !
 Thus Virtue cheers, with endless smiles,
 Life's wintry waste of Woe.

Howl then, ye storms ; ye tempests, beat
 Round this unshrinking head !
 I know a sweet, a soft retreat
 In Virtue's peaceful shed !

Drive down, ye hails ; pour snows and winds,
 Pale terror where I stray !
 My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
 Where Virtue smooths the way !

O Thou, by whose all-gracious hand
 The cherub Mercy stands,
 Smiling, at each divine command,
 With fondness o'er the lands ;

O let me ne'er with marble eye
 Pale shiv'ring Want reject,
 Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn sigh
 The anguish of neglect !

While lordly Pride and cushion'd Ease
 Petition's tear despise ;
 O let this hand the mourner raise,
 And wipe her streaming eyes !

When Death shall call me to my Lord,
 To bow beneath his throne ;
 His praise be the divine reward,
 That charity has won.

There,

There, where no wintry storms affright,
No tempests shake the pole ;
No gloomy shades of dreary night
Appall the waking soul ;

There let me ever hymn, adore,
And love th' immortal King ;
Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
'Th' eternity of Spring !

THE
PALACE OF PLEASURE;
AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM,
IN TWO CANTOS.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF
SPENSER.

Fior senza frutto.

PETRARCH.

A flow'r, from whose contracted root
Ne'er blusht to life the nectar'd fruit.

τὸ μοι τὰ
Καρδίαν εὐ σῆστιν ἐπτίσεν
Ως πόνησε, βρέφειον ἔμου γάρ οὐδέται
Οὐδεν εἴδεν εἰκεν.

τεθύναται διλήγει δέοιται
Φάνεμαι ἀπνευσται.

SAPPHO.



Amid the Roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest !.....

THOMSON.

G L O S S A R Y
OF THE
OLD ENGLISH WORDS USED BY SPENSER,

And found in the following Poem.



A Non—forthwith, presently.

Afkw—aside.

Ay—always.

Bale—misery.

Benempt—named.

Beseem—seem.

Besprent—sprinkled.

Certes—indeed, certainly.

Clepe—call.

Daz'd—dazzled, pret. of daze.

Defily—skilfully.

Dight—clad, adorn'd.

Diff'rend—spread.

Eath—easy

Ee—eye.

Eifsons—soon afterward.

Eld—Time.

En—is often used at the end of a word to lengthen the metre; as, fledden, fled; decayen, decay; and also to denote the participle; as, they were wrappen, they were wrapped, &c.

Erfi—once, formerly.

Eyne—eyes.

Foeman—foe, enemy.

Gun—began; pret. of begin.

Hight—called, named.

Imp—child, offspring.

Kemb—comb; pret. kempt.

Leman—mistress, concubine.

Lif—desire, choose.

Mickle—much, great.

Moe—more.

Mote—might; verb substant.

Nathleſſ—nevertheleſſ.

Ne—no, not, nor, neither.

Palmer—pilgrim; so called from a bough of the palm-tree, which those who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land carried in their journey.

Plain—lament, complain.

Pleſaunce—pleaſure.

Rabblement—disorderly assemblage, tumultuous mob.

Rife—frequent, abundant;

Say—a kind of filken cloth.

Sheen—fhine; pret. sheen'd.

Sheening—fhining.

Shent—punished.

Sooth—indeed.

Souvenance—remembrance.

Stote—stout, strong.

Tote—taught.

Unweeting—ignorant, unknowing.

Wail—lamentation.

Ween—think, suppose, imagine.

Wexing—growing, increasing, becoming.

Whiles—while.

Wight—man, person.

Wit—think, suppose, imagine.

Won—dwelling, houſe.

Wot, or wote—know, to be certain.

Y—is often used at the beginning of a word to lengthen the metre; as, yſtall, ſtall; yborn, born, &c.

Yclept—called, named; pret. of clepe.

Ycre—ogether.

Yſtall—live, dwell.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEN it is urged with respect to the present English phraseology, that expressive, as well as elegant language, can never be wanting to the choice of an Author, upon whatever subject his pen is employed, it will, without doubt, be a sufficient apology for the simple style and obsolete diction occasionally found in the following Poem to premise, that custom has long established the manner of Spencer as a model for Allegorical Composition*. The present imitation of the verse of that immortal Poet is accompanied with language that may to some ears border upon the ludicrous ; this, however, as an Annotator on Thomson somewhere observes, is necessary to bring it to a greater degree of perfection ; and, in fact, it

* Vide West's Education, Thomson's Castle of Indolence.—Pope's Temple of Fame is the only exception to the general rule the Author ever met with.

not only renders the imitative stile more like the original, but tends to add considerably to that unstudied harmony and simplicity of nature, which so attract and amuse the mind in studying the Bard of Mulla's admirable effusions. Where the allegory is wanting in the survey of human life, the youth and inexperience of the Author will, it is hoped, be brought to the recollection of the excusing Reader; and the moral, never to be too often repeated, that is drawn from it, which endeavours to correct the vices of the age by shewing the frightful landscape that terminates the alluring path of sinful Pleasure, supply the defects of a Muse, who is entering into public in her sixteenth year, bashful on her first exhibition, and listening with trembling expectation, as she passes, to the shouts of disapprobation or applause that burst from the surrounding multitude.

J. H. L. HUNT.

THE

THE
PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CANTO I.

The Palace hight of Pleasure fair,
And all its sheen delight,
Where rapture of deceitful lure
Enchants the mortal wight.

I.

CERTES it is, and Saints have whilom said,
That worldly Pleasure is but worldly Woe,
In the hot bosom of the Passions bred,
Cradled by Tempests that ay rage and blow,
And taught ne virtue, ne advice to know :
Then comes a sickly sunshine deadly warm,
Shedding a gilded pestilence below ;
Within its beam fast fades the wasting form,
Till night and cloud succeed, and turbulence and storm.

II.

There is, ywashed by the murm'ring main,
 A Fairy land, yclept Temptation's Isle,
 So fair, it seem'd as Eden there had lain,
 Such sweet Enchantment o'er the coast doth smile !
 And ah ! poor mortal wight it doth beguile
 With waving trees that deck the shores around,
 Which to the sight ne things unclean defile,
 And velvet fields that glitter o'er the ground,
 And purling streams, and groves with tufted verdure
 crown'd.

III.

The circling sea, that glistens round the coast,
 Doth all beseeem of crystal glas, I ween,
 Whose oily wave ne ship hath ever tost,
 Ne stormy death defil'd its waters sheen ;
 But all around is gentle smoothnes green,
 And tint cœrulean on the ocean dy'd ;
 And whisp'ring breezes fan the luring scene :
 For ne rude winds do rouse the sleeping tide,
 Ne blust'ring blasts deform'd, with tempest at their side,

IV.

And on the air are dulcet chantings heard,
 That trip to sound of soul-delighting lyre ;
 Yet ne in all their song one mournful word,
 Ne plaintive strain that musing mote inspire,

But

But lively notes which gaiety yfire,
 Such as that noble harper, Orpheus hight,
 Did sing to brutes, who wonder'd at the wire,
 And with uncouth rejoicing would delight
 To dance along the woods, in rugged liv'ry dight.

v.

And right aloud the joyous birds did sing,
 With melody confus'd that fill'd the sky :
 The soaring lark, with tawny-dappled wing,
 And humbler linnet with his gentle eye,
 And gorgeous finch, with breast of golden dye ;
 Ne fear'd the bright canary there to dwell,
 Ne chatt'ring thrush that peeps with glancing fly ;
 But ne sad nightingale mourn'd o'er the dell,
 Ne owl with flapping wings shrieking the notes of Hell.

vi.

Eke the bright Sun, as though he had stood still,
 Sheen'd o'er the beauteous land each rolling day ;
 And ting'd with gold the top of ev'ry hill,
 And in each vale with burnish'd splendour lay ;
 So that Dame Nature did for aye look gay :
 For though dark night ycame with visage stern,
 Yet then would Art his copied flame display,
 And on each tree a hundred lamps yburn,
 Which did new day relume, and gloom to radiance turn.

With

VII.

With eyne fast fixing on this lovely sight,
 And fill'd with wonder at th' enchanting scene,
 Upon the adverse strand a valiant knight
 Stood wrapt in thought ; his still and eager mien
 Betray'd how much the land, so sweet and green,
 In vernal beauty all delightful dress'd,
 Charm'd his enraptur'd soul : for, well I ween,
 He wish'd upon the goodly shore to rest,
 Yet saw ne look'd-for boat to ease his longing breast.

VIII.

Sudden sweet sounds of mellow symphony,
 In tender undulations swell'd on air ;
 New splendour seem'd to flush the glowing sky,
 And Nature rise with visage doubly fair ;
 Soft whisp'ring breezes breathing gently near ;
 Dropping rich perfume from each fanning wing,
 Brought the smooth numbers to his raptur'd ear ;
 While Summer, putting on the robe of Spring,
 'Gan from his radiant lap the verdant flow'rets fling.

IX.

Anon a silver cloud roll'd fair along ;
 When lo ! quick op'ning on the beaming day,
 It rent its swelling side ; and, with a song
 Bursting in melody confus'd and gay,

A tribe

A tribe of airy sylphs in wanton play,
 Broke forth, and forming sportive dance divine,
 Around th' admiring knight, in funny ray
 Chanted sweet hymns to Bacchus god of wine,
 And Her, round whose fair brow the graceful myrtles
 twine.

X.

Now here, now there their colour'd wings they threw
 With many a mirthful movement twirling round ;
 And zones they carried of the rainbow's hue
 With golden buckles splendidly ybound,
 Which they unloos'd and droppen on the ground,
 That Sport might be all easy, brisk, and light:
 For none among them mournful was there found,
 That Merriment and Joy could ne delight ; [bright.
 But laugh'd the wantons loud, and wav'd their pinions

XI.

Sudden they snatch'd Sir Guyon up on high,
 Unweeting whether good or harm would be,
 While drowsy sleep came heavy on his eye,
 And all forgotton was their laughing glee:
 The verdant lawn, smooth meadow, and green tree,
 And cloud, and sylphs quick faded from his thought,
 And sportive dance ne longer could he see !
 Music ne moe sweet harmony ybrought,
 Ne sea, ne isle, ne skies his eyne enchanted sought.

Soft

XII.

Soft on the dewy grafts that fring'd the isle
 The lovely spirits laid their sleepy load ;
 Nor waken'd he, till Morn again 'gan smile,
 And murmur'ring Ocean round her mantle flow'd ;
 When to his couch of green as soft she trod,
 A beauteous virgin rous'd the wond'ring knight
 With flowing hair tied up with pearly node,
 Who at her side, with gather'd flow'rets dight,
 Bore keys of glitt'ring gold, with frequent using bright.

XIII.

In her fair hand a bag full rich she held,
 With curious coins and antique monies stor'd ;
 Some with stamp eaten by devouring Eld,
 And some that many a learn'd device afford
 Of emp'ror noble, or Cæsarean lord :
 And on her painted vestment could be seen
 Grim Runic rhymes that wars and blood applaud,
 And letters obsolete and flow'rs all green,
 And animal, and insect, copied well, I ween.

XIV.

And her behind, with winning beauty mov'd
 A virgin figure, crown'd with garlands fair,
 And myrtles green, by Cytherea lov'd,
 And many a jewel weav'd among her hair,

And

And diamonds gay, and preciou pebble rare ;
 One hand a burning heart did treinbling hold
 Ypierc'd with dart and flaming to the air,
 And fetter'd all around with links of gold,
 With purple drops besprent, and never wexing cold.

XV.

Her other hand a glitt'ring goblet rais'd,
 With mantling wine delicious to the taste
 Ysparkling fair, that with red splendour blaz'd,
 And all around a mickle brightnes cast ;
 And on its side were carved forms ne chaste
 Of frisking Wantonness, and loving Dames,
 And dancing Satyrs ne'er in sport the last,
 And lovely Nymphs that nourish'd Cupid's flames,
 And many else, I wote, of les renowned names.

XVI.

Then thus the first fair form ; “ Thrice blest Sir Knight,
 “ Brought to this soil of health, and ease, and peace,
 “ Brought to this soil of splendour and delight,
 “ Where joys ay dwell, ay transport and increase,
 “ Where glad Eternity can never cease,
 “ The Tree of Life awaits your hand, be wise ;
 “ Pluck ; feast with Heav'n : Pleasure with joyous face
 “ Bade me conduct to her desiring eyes [despise.
 “ The knight she loves ; her love the bold can ne'er

x

“ Me

XVII.

“ Me Curiosity men wrongly clepe;
 “ In Fairy-land ay higher name I bore,
 “ And hight Inquiry ; the great key I keep
 “ Of sage Philosophy’s celestial store ;
 “ This hand can ope gay Nature’s hidden door,
 “ And give to youth the knowledge of old age:
 “ Come, follow me : let Love proceed before ;
 “ Her cup will soon be thine, and Life’s dark page
 “ Be fill’d with light and life : O follow, and be sage.”

XVIII.

She said ; the knight quick turn’d him and beheld
 Bef ore his eyes all ravish’d with delight,
 A stately house with marble dome, that swell’d
 Its polish’d beauties on the wond’ring sight ;
 The fabric’s self with solid gold was bright,
 On diamond pillars splendidly ylaid ;
 And pearly chimnies ever gay and white
 The beamy day with perfumes rich repaid,
 While raptur’d Zephyr ay his balmy pinions play’d.

XIX.

On a smooth lawn with verdure ever green,
 The beauteous structure caught the meeting eye ;
 Ne valley low withheld the glitt’ring scene,
 Ne tufted grove where Hamadryad shy

Ne’er

Ne'er suffers Phœbus in her bow'rs to lie ;
 While luring pilgrim wight to stop his way,
 Lay scatter'd round sweet flow'rs of various dye ;
 Pink in a thousand liv'ries richly gay,
 Red rose, and lily fair, that decks the breast of May.

XX.

Here on the graffy meadow mote be seen
 Gay troops of maids and youths in purple dight
 Dancing in jollity along the green,
 While pipe enliv'ning heighten'd the delight,
 Responsive as the feet glanc'd on the sight,
 Twinkling in gay disorder : there beyond,
 Calm in the peaceful vale the lovesick wight
 Stretch'd out reposing on the verdant ground, [wound!
 Dreamt of the darts of Love, and ah ! how sweet they

XXI.

Anon soft, tender voices breath'd on air,
 " Come, valiant knight; come, valiant, blest, and wise;
 " Come, Heav'ns beatitude yborn to share,
 " And learn to live, ne joy divine despise !
 " Without what glories strike thy ravish'd eyes !
 " O come, and see what glories shine within !
 " Come ; see where Pleasure waits to give the prize
 " Due to the charms her heav'nly Love that win !
 " Enter ; to come is bliss, to stay despair and sin!"

XXII.

The wond'ring knight, along whose breast, I ween,
 Ystole suspicions foul of magic snare,
 Snatch'd at his sword; but this some sprite unseen
 Had borne away; a pearly girdle fair
 Supplied its dreadful place; and from his hair,
 Where once pale Terror wav'd the nodding crest,
 Plumes that the gaudy peacock boasts to wear,
 Hung quiv'ring to the air; while o'er his breast
 Soft flowing purple fell in folds that pictur'd rest.

XXIII.

Again the call melodious breath'd on high,
 Thrilling the raptur'd soul; the yielding knight
 Shot on the palace door his ardent eye,
 When sudden floated from the realms of light
 Sounds, that beseem'd the touches of Delight,
 The diapason of an Angel's lyre;
 And slowly gliding backwards from the sight,
 The portals wide 'gan to the sound retire,
 And splendours bursten forth, and bright empyreal fire!

XXIV.

High on a glorious couch which far outshone
 The pomp of kingly pow'r and royal shew,
 The gorgeous cushion, or the glitt'ring throne,
 Or all the wealth earth proudly boasts below,

The

The Fairy Pleasure, with resplendent brow,
Reclin'd her dazzling form : one day of light
Circled her beaming head, and Beauty's glow
Spread o'er her lovely cheek its crimson bright
While ev'ry luring look shot transport and delight !

XXV.

One hand ybore a casket large and gay,
In which bright jewel, diamond, pearl all fair,
And costly gem in rich confusion lay ;
And od'rous frankincense, and spikenard rare,
And sweetmeat, dainty and delicious fare,
And lady's toy ne useful and ne stout ;
Yet, as unweeting how they valued were,
She scatter'd them her splendid seat about,
Till all the precious treasure nigh had droppen out.

XXVI.

Her other hand upheld a glitt'ring chain
Of golden links yform'd, and made below
A vast round globe unmoving to sustain,
On which a fairy tribe of stature low
And tender form tripp'd lightly to and fro,
Waving their wings whene'er her smile they spy ;
Yet weak, I wote, and weary would they grow,
By long exertion, and to nothing die,
When quick another band upstarted to the eye.

And

XXVII.

And on her breast a mimic Sun yfhone,
 That dazzled bright the eyne of mortal men ;
 Till more familar with her they had grown,
 And much its lustre would decayen then :
 For, when once gone, it ne ysheen'd again :
 And her soft feet in down ywrappen were,
 Made of the feath'ry wing of tender wren,
 Which serv'd, I ween, for gentle buskin fair,
 When she would rise sometime, tho' rising was full rare.

XXVIII.

In her sweet eyes Love, crown'd with melting rays,
 Sat like a soft inchanter, binding all
 The fetter'd soul in rapture and amaze,
 Who by his luring magic doth recall
 The fadden'd wights of this terrestrial ball
 To festive merriment, and joy with smiles
 Dimpled beneath her lips, and did ystall
 Within their ruby poutings, who beguiles
 The tearful cares of man with his endearing wiles.

XXIX.

And all around her flow'rs of various hue,
 And garlands green, and od'rous perfumes spread,
 For winged boys did ay profusely strew
 With ev'ry sweet of earth her downy bed ;

And

And gay they sported o'er her lovely head,
 And some with tender fans, that were ymade
 Of wing of butterfly, the breezes led
 To pay her charms obedience, and yplay'd
 In airy circles round the couch were she was laid.

XXX.

Behind her, warbling with delicious note,
 Mild flutes and golden lyres breath'd soft delight,
 And Harmony her gentle round did float,
 And Melody with melting voice invite ;
 While fays, high seated upon thrones of light,
 Sung sweet enchanting words to ev'ry sound :
 So that ne mind, ne smell, ne ear, ne sight,
 Could wanten ought of pleasures that abound,
 So rife was ev'ry joy that mortals love yfound.

XXXI.

Midst all this mingled world of harmony,
 Up downy steps of pillows soft ymade
 The knight with hurrying foot ascended high,
 Where Grace and Beauty were in radiance laid
 To pleasures glitt'ring couch ; the music play'd
 To livelier notes along his raptur'd soul ;
 While by her side the dame alluring babe,
 The alter'd warrior rest ; ne blush ystole
 O'er his gay cheek, ne'gan the tear repentant roll.

And

XXXII.

Anon there crowd'en round their wond'ring guest
 Gay winged nymphs in colour'd robes array'd ;
 This hung a sparkling jewel on his breast,
 Or round his neck the circling garland laid,
 With many a pearly bead and jewell'd braid ;
 That scatter'd perfume o'er his purple dress,
 Or dropp'd the liquid odours on his head ;
 These with fair arms his easy feet caref's,
 Or kemb his waving locks, that wreaths of roses pres-

XXXIII.

First Delicacy soft with languid eye
 Swam smooth along ; while o'er her lily cheek,
 A veil of shadowing silk flow'd careleſſly
 Sweeping her snowy bosom : for the shriek
 Of fearful woe, if once the sun-beam seek
 Her face unveil'd, burſt piercing on the air
 From her averted lips ; and mild and meek
 The buzzing fly brought grief and wild'ring fear,
 If once her ears he bore his drowsy piping near.

XXXIV.

'Then Flatt'ry with her dimpled cheek approach'd
 Low bending down her face that secret smil'd,
 And flow came on, as if she had encroach'd
 Upon his time, and all the way beguil'd

With

With scatter'd incense, tho' ne thing defil'd
Her scented progress ; then within his ear
She pour'd exalting words and praises wild,
Tho' ne, I wis, one did her bosom bear,
But all were form'd without of bubble and of air.

XXXV.

Next Gaudiness her colour'd mantle spread
Upon the dazzled sight with spangles bright
Of solar lustre : on her sparkling head
Mov'd a gay butterfly all richly dight
With ev'ry colour of the bow of light,
Whose wide dispread and tender wings ymade
A fluttering crown : while from an unseen height
Profusion scatter'd on the glitt'ring bed
Green em'rald, sapphire blue, and ruby's glowing red.

XXXVI.

And last came sporting gaily on the air,
Young Wantonness, with red and fiery eyne,
Nathless in which some tender glances were ;
And with arch look her head she did incline,
And round her temples ivy leaves entwine,
Whiles in one hand she bore a figure small,
Copied from that which still and ay will shine,
Beauty's resplendent model, and of all
High Admiration claims, the wonder of the ball.

XXXVII.

Her other hand a globe of splendor bare
 Pierc'd round with holes, from which there did arise
 With od'rous perfume incensing all the air,
 Enraptur'd whispers, and love-breathing sighs,
 And vows of constancy, and tender cries,
 And now loud laughs that merriment denote
 And fill with echoing joy the smiling skies,
 And voices now of men right loud and stote,
 And now of females soft and gentle maids, I wote.

XXXVIII.

Sudden the goddess took an iv'ry wand,
 Which thrice she wav'd on high as chalking round
 Some airy circle with her magic hand,
 Then droppen it as quickly on the ground ;
 When lo, Sir Guyon's cyne the portals found,
 Whence came th' inferior deities who sway'd
 O'er Pleasure's gay demain, while gentler found
 Of tender lutes a melting concord made, [glade.
 That seem'd to breathe without from some enchanted

XXXIX.

Firſt on a crawling floth ymounted went
 Dull Indolence, with cheek of pallid hue,
 And lazy head on heavy boſom bent,
 And half-shut eyne thnt squinted all askew ;

His

His jaw-bone eke unto his shoulder grew,
That never manlier was ylifted high ;
And wrapp'd he was in garments ne so few ;
For downy vestments hid each moveless thigh,
That from his temples hung, and shrowden o'er his eye.

XL.

And in one hand a bitter bowl he held,
Fill'd with the turbid stream of Lethe drear,
Whose mould'ring sides were gnawn away by Eld ;
For ne about it did he taken care :
And in the other he did faintly bear
A bunch of poppies, which by bards are said
To grow where Somnus' darkling mansions are ;
And eke with these he beat his drowsy head,
And totter'd on his way, and seem'd to wish for bed.

XLI.

And next to him stretch'd sluggishly along,
In velvet couch on bloated genii rais'd,
Went gorgeous Luxury, with dance and song,
And dainty meats attended ; while he blaz'd
With pearls and gold that shrinking vision daz'd ;
And all the way he eaten some of food,
Or with his mutt'ring lips the liquor prais'd ;
And seem'd to think that nought beside was good
But Gluttony and Wealth, whose blessings he had woo'd.

XLII.

And after him a lovely female form
 Tripp'd blithe alng her soul-enliv'ning way,
 Ycleped Beauty ; Health in blushes warm,
 And thousand charms her glowing cheeks array ;
 Her eyne with Love's resistless glances play :
 While in one hand a sweet Narcissus flow'r
 She carried soft with lily colour gay,
 Benemt from that bright youth, who in sad hour
 Pin'd for his own fair face, while Echo's had ne pow'r.

XLIII.

A youth enchain'd adorn'd her other hand ;
 Certes he was a lovely little boy :
 His eyne were hidden by a silken band,
 Which nathless did his beauty ne destroy ;
 And o'er his shoulder, ah ! destructive toy !
 A golden quiver stock'd with darts he bore,
 With which ungarded hearts he doth annoy :
 For tho' so small, yet can he wounden sore,
 And bid the mournful breast be glad and gay ne more.

XLIV.

And little winged imps around her head
 Frisk'd on the air ; some carried torches sheen,
 Which double lustre o'er the day did spread,
 As tho' the sun had wanting splendour been ;

And

And some bore pierc'd and bleeding hearts, I ween,
Which others aimed at in cruel sport
With poison'd darts, and seemed full of spleen ;
Tho' in their face they look'd of joyous sort,
And whirlen up and down, as fairy had them taught.

XLV.

At each gay step she took her path along,
Soft virgins scatter'd Maia's flow'rets fair,
And other sweets that to her reign belong,
And all Pomona's juicy dainties rare,
The beauteous ornaments of Summer's wear ;
And at her feet blaz'd crowns of glorious hue,
That fill'd with splendour all the sheening air,
Which kings and cæsars ay before her threw :
To such a peerles maid is royal service due.

XLVI.

And her behind danc'd frolicsome Desire,
With ivy crown'd in myrtle green entwin'd ;
Her rolling eyne did mirth and love inspire,
And fill'd with ardent hope the youthful mind ;
And with delightful garland did she bind
The bending horns of a hot-blooded goat,
Which wanton'd wild and joyously behind,
And sometimes rollen on his rugged coat,
All fly with leering look, which she had him ytote.

And

XLVII.

And eke within her bosom there was lain
 A secret fire, which ne did hurt the heart ;
 But all ythrillen with a pleafant pain,
 That in its plefaunce did forget its smart ;
 And ne'er from its fair won would it depart,
 But gain'd fresh fuel from each am'rous thought ;
 And round her did from unseen stations start
 Disporting satyrs, merriment that taught,
 And with their frisking ways the lips to laughter brought.

XLVIII.

And after her came foul-enliv'ning Joy,
 With ivy thyrſus in his waving hand,
 Which, if well water'd, Eld can ne destroy ;
 And gay ſhe flouriſh'd high this verdant wand,
 Which (minſtreſs ſing) the noify dancing band
 Of drunken satyrs mix'd with maidens fair
 Carried, as Liber's jovial laws command,
 With curling ſerpents twin'd within their hair,
 With ſhoots of triumph mad filling the sounding air.

XLIX.

Sooth loud ſhe laughen all the way ſhe went,
 And tripp'd and turned on her wanton heel ;
 For all her foul to merriment was bent,
 Ne did one diſmal thought her bosom feel,

Ne

Ne in her heart had pain once thrust his steel ;
 And on Desire ay fixen was her view,
 Eyne that did Rapture's swimming rays reveal,
 And were, I wote, of sweet celestial blue :
 Right blithsome danc'd she on, the merriest of the crew.

L.

And her behind, a most delightful train,
 With joyous step tripp'd cheerfully along,
 Of lovely crowned boys, who seem'd to reign
 O'er all the actions of the sportive throng ;
 And regulated they each merry song,
 Beating the sprightly time with iv'ry wand
 On golden globes upheld by filken thong :
 Soft stole the measur'd tinkling from their hand,
 Soothing with even sounds symphonious, clear, and bland.

L.I.

And after them flew youthful genii high,
 Cloth'd all in airy robes of streaming light ;
 Stars seem'd to glitter in each sparkling eye,
 So bright and piercing was their eagle sight :
 And on his head echone bore, large and bright,
 A glorious sun that flamed forth to view,
 Like some tall spire to trav'lling weary wight,
 'That glistens in the sky serene and blue,
 From wish'd-for village church to souvenance ne new.

And

LII.

And in their hands sweet instruments they bore
 Of heav'ly music rapt'rous to the ear ;
 But ne fierce trumpets which do grieven sore
 The widow'd dame, and give her quaking fear ;
 Sounds that to warrior bold is pleasaunce dear ;
 Ne harsh refounding drums that call to war,
 And rouse the sleeping ire of battle drear,
 Ne sounding clarions that the foemen draw,
 'To mortal fight, I ween, ne know soft Pity's law.

LIII.

But breath'd they, well I wis, the blander sound
 Of other numberless soft notes yplay'd
 To gentle water-falls that dash'd around
 A murm'ring melody, and concord made,
 With sweeter skill than Nature e'er display'd ;
 Some holden shepherd pipes of rural charm,
 That float so tender thro' the bower'd glade ;
 And some mild lutes that Anger's rage disarm,
 And found ne furious fight, ne bellow rude alarm.

LIV.

And some thro' mellow horn delightful pour'd
 Their quiv'ring breath, as if along the wood
 Chaste Dian with her nymphs the steps explor'd
 Of savage boar, that wets his tusks with blood,

Or

Or wily fox, sad foe to chicken brood ;
 And some deliciously the flute inspir'd,
 That warbles to the cascade's tumbling flood ;
 While others by Dan Phœbus' spirit fir'd,
 Their voice attemp'red sweet, of melody ne'er tir'd.

L V.

And last, to close the fine majestic sight,
 A lovely chorus, crown'd with laurel green,
 Of beauteous girls, in flowing purple dight,
 Chaunted transporting hymns of joy, I ween,
 Exalting the gay palace and its queen,
 And all the way dispredden they her praise,
 Like those fair boys at Grecian worship seen,
 That did in songs their heroes' glories raise,
 And all their noble deeds and valiant actions blaze.

L VI.

Now pas'd along this glitt'ring rabblement,
 And circled thrice the palace till they drew
 In trained majesty, to where intent
 Upon the shew with fix'd and wond'ring view
 The knight still nourish'd admiration new ;
 Then on their knees before their dame on high,
 Who fatten by his side, themselves they threw ;
 When thus, arising with most lovely eye,
 She wav'd her lily hand, and spoken gracefally.

A a

“ What

X

LVII.

“ What are the joys that mortals can bestow ?
 “ Pleasures as soon as they arise that fly,
 “ The fading sweetness of the flow’rs that blow,
 “ The passing splendour of a summer’s sky:
 “ With my delights can such rejoicing vie ?
 “ Short perfume give the roses gay and red,
 “ For in a day they droop, they fade, they die ;
 “ But see Arabia from her scented head
 “ With endless odours rich the flow’ry landscape spread.

LVIII.

“ Such are the charms that real joy can boast,
 “ That joy which only dwells where I reside ;
 “ That joy which only loves this beauteous coast,
 “ And vows with me for ever to abide.
 “ Each sweet of Heav’n is waiting at my side ;
 “ With me the day with clouds is ne’er o’er-cast ;
 “ O’er placid Night the stars for ever ride ;
 “ With me gay Fancy is herself surpass’d,
 “ And bliss, consummate bliss, by mortals gain’d at last.

LIX.

“ The rapt’rous cup I offer to mankind,
 “ Nobles and monarchs have rejoic’d to share ;
 “ Heroes have erst upon this breast reclin’d,
 “ Ne gods themselves disdain’d to call me fair ;

“ Chains

“ Chains were mine eyne, and fetters was my hair.
“ Do mortals then presume to call me vile,
“ To say my palace is the den of care ;
“ To say that serpents in my dimples sinile,
“ And fatal venom black, and wretchednes, and guile?

LX.

“ This precious casket that adorns my hand,
“ The gods above yform’d for my delight ;
“ Fair Venus brought it me by their command,
“ And gave the prize with ev’ry beauty dight :
“ Cupid, the beauteous boy, was in affright,
“ Lest I should spoil his quiver of its store ;
“ For all bow’d low before my piercing sight,
“ Ne thought of him the blinded urchin more,
“ Ne fought his altars lorn, ne did the god adore.

LXI.

“ In this my house no raging passions storm,
“ Anger, ne envy, ne revengeful hate ;
“ Ne fullen woes the gay abode deform ;
“ Ne harsh decrees of life-destroying fate ;
“ Eternal sunshine beams before my gate ;
“ The tender pleasures round me ever dance,
“ Society, ne serious and sedate,
“ Soft Friendship, fam’d to smooth the rocks of chance,
“ And Love, that doth the soul in rapt’rous dreams en-
trance. “ Here

LXII.

“ Here, if the fainting palmer seek repose,
 “ Pillows of down await his weary head,
 “ Sleep with smooth hand his heavy eyne to close,
 “ Music divine to warble round his bed,
 “ And the rich feast with mantling goblets spread :
 “ Here trip the Cyprian nymphs ay blithe and gay,
 “ Tempting with ruby lips, and cheeks as red ;
 “ Here the light Loves and wanton Zephyrs play,
 “ And Spring for ever smiles, for ever gems the day !

LXIII.

“ Come then, ye trav’lers in the vale of life,
 “ Ye, whose sad checks are wet with falling tears,
 “ Ye, who have battled in the scenes of strife,
 “ And ye, who tremble with appalling fears ;
 “ Here drop your burdens, here lay up your cares :
 “ Here without foolish labour shall ye find
 “ Riches, and Peace, that ay smooth forehead wears,
 “ And pleasures never to be left behind ;
 “ Come then, ye mortals, come ; come, O ye wise
 mankind !”

LXIV.

Mild as the whispers of enraptur’d Love,
 Fell the soft music of her magic tongue !
 Dew ne’er dropp’d softer from the skies above,
 Nor on the hive a sweeter nectar hung !

Persuasion

Persuasion never had so deftly sung :
For, when she ended her melodious speech,
A still enchantment pour'd the train among :
Rapture did chain applause from futile reach,
And Silence, swaying all, unutter'd praises teach !

LXV.

Sir Guyon lay entranc'd upon his bed,
At the harmonious voice that caught his ear,
Till with a soft caref she rais'd his head,
And to her side with mildnes brought him near,
Bidding him ne her dazzling splendor fear ;
And with sweet words, she did the knight allure,
With dainty speeches, and embraces dear,
So that ne chastity he would endure,
But called her his own, himself her paramour !

• END OF CANTO I.

THE



THE
PALACE OF PLEASURE;

CANTO II.



THE
PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CANTO* II.

The horrors and tremendous scenes,
Which sad Sir Guyon shent ;
Till from above Religion fair
Brought Glory and Content.

I.

AH me ! how Pleasure doth the soul enthrall !
How lure mankind with her accursed charms !
How bid the learned and the hero fall ;
And teach the strong to melt within her arms !
E'en modesty, sweet maiden fair, she warms,
If once she kiss her lovely blushing cheek,
Away th' endearment chaster thought alarms,
And soon the sences joys untasted seek ;
Till this heav'n-moulded frame sinks down unnerv'd
and weak !

B b

A f:

II.

Ask ye a witness this lament to prove ?
Roam where Italia boasts her heav'nly sky ;
There o'er the tombs of Death and Mem'ry rove,
Till the sad sculptur'd marble meet thine eye,
In which Urbino's mould'ring relics lie !
Then pause and weep ! O weep to think how low
Great Raphael fell, and from a throne how high
To shameful death ! O let the tear-drops flow,
For ne'er before was known such cause of wail and woe !

III.

Full sev'n bright months the knight in joying spent,
Feasts, and gay dances, and rich masquerade,
And unchaste Love's delicious merriment,
That maketh strength to flag and cheeks to fade :
Now thro' some bow'ring copse or leafy glade
He tripp'd with lovely nymphs in sprightly round,
To the soft sound that flute enchanting made ;
Now lay on velvet spread along the ground,
While music swell'd on high, that Orpheus might
astound.

IV.

Soon as the morning o'er the verdant isle
Pour'd the bright rays from forth her splendid eyne,
And waken'd Nature all around 'gan smile
To see her offspring dight so gay and fine,

Soft-

Soft-falling perfumes, as a dainty sign
 Of dawning day, did ou Sir Guyon show'r
 Around the couch where sleep did him recline ;
 Eftsoons then rose he to salute the hour,
 Or still ylumber'd on with his fair paramour.

V.

When 'twas his pleasure to be rous'd, I ween,
 Melodious voices 'gan salute his ear
 Of lively nymphs, yclad in mantles sheen,
 Who round the bed, where with his leman dear
 He wanton laid, in dances play'd yfere ;
 While, from unseen musicians there arose
 Sweet mingled sounds, repelling grief severe,
 Of shepherd pipes, that chear the mountain brows,
 And golden lyres renown'd for soothing royal woes.

VI.

Then walking forth, in lukewarm bath he dipp'd,
 Still cheer'd by gentle voice of lyric muse,
 Whiles a sweet nymph that fung as on she tripp'd,
 Came with a cup, in which she did infuse
 Oblivion's soothng balm, that bids us lose
 All thought of what fell out the day before :
 So that the present hour, when Pleasure woos,
 Doth seem to bring fresh glee unto our door,
 And ev'ry taste of joy enraptures more and more.

Now

VII.

Now from his side by velvet fash she hung
 A glitt'ring sword, but not for hardy fight :
 For it was neither large, ne sharp, ne strong,
 But made of rubies rare and jewels bright,
 To grace the wearer, and to daze the fight.
 And ah ! in these degen'rate days, alas !
 Full many a useleſs youth, pert, vain and light,
 We see in warlike toys all gayly paſſ,
 Laughing with vacant stare, like any trifling laſſ.

VIII.

Thus proudly dight, fair Pleasure led him on
 To dainty feasting spread on filken fay,
 Where Bacchus' richest treasures sparkling shone,
 And all Pomona's juicy presents lay :
 Whiles ev'ry flow'r in Maia's scented fway,
 Breathing sweet odours all the dainties crown'd ;
 And eke above their heads did Zephyr play
 Among the whisp'ring foliage with sweet sound,
 And flutes, pipes, lyres, and zephyrs mix'd their warb-
 lings round.

IX.

Anon, when ended this delicious meal,
 An hundred sprightly nymphs, as fair as Morn,
 Mov'd in the graceful dance, or tripp'd the reel,
 Whose waving curls gay chaplets did adorn :

So skips the Persian antelope, or fawn,
Of forest Windsor hight, renown'd in song
By Twick'nam's gentle swain. Ah knight forlorn !
By Pleasure's bright allurements led along, [wrong.
Soon wilt thou shake thy head, and say that all was

x.

Through this enchanting spot there gently flow'd
A crystal river, hight the Stream of Bliss,
On whose mild waves if any mortal rode,
Soft breathing airs his thrilling cheek would kis,
That seem'd to rise from underneath, I wis ;
And whilst the waters 'gainst the shore did move,
(A verdant shore, such as of Thamus is,) They made sweet melody, and sounds of love,
As if some poet swain was chanting thro' the grove.

xi.

And on its lovely shores with verdure green,
A thousand flow'rs in painted splendour grew,
The blushing rose, of floral plains the queen,
The modest lily of angelic hue,
The gorgeous sun-flow'r, vi'let gaily blue,
Tulip, that boasts the rainbow's varied streaks,
The speckled pink, heart's-ease for lover's true,
Primrose, as fair as lovesick maiden's cheeks,
And serious poppy, sweet to him that quiet seeks.

The

XII.

Eke where each winding bank turn'd graceful round,
 A cooling bow'r entic'd with verdant shew,
 Where fanning airs and whisp'ring leaves were found,
 And other blandishments that cares forego :
 For there young Zephyr ay doth gently blow,
 Waving his wings and warbling all the while
 To the sweet, faunt'ring, soothing, stream below ;
 And on its top did sprightly Flora smile,
 Wreathing her garlands gay to deck th' enchanting isle.

XIII.

And round the beauteous landscape graceful shone,
 Shaded above with green o'erwaving bow'rs,
 Delightful temples, white with Parian stone ;
 This the bright dwelling of the dancing hours,
 That of dame Venus and the wanton pow'rs ;
 One where fair Beauty held her blooming sway,
 On which celestial odour ever show'rs ;
 Another where gay Fancy's fairies play,
 With rainbow-colour'd wings and eyes of glitt'ring day.

XIV.

On this delicious stream, when Noon's bright god
 Pour'd flaming radiance o'er the cloudless sky,
 His tender feet with velvet sandal shod,
 Sir Guyon rode, while Pleasure fatten nigh :

Soft

Soft mov'd the boat, and soft the waves ran by,
 Beneath the silver oars, to whose clear sound
 Responsive lutes form'd tender minstrelsy ;
 Enraptur'd breezes bore the charm around,
 And in one chain of joy all nature's works were wound.

XV.

And nodding graceful o'er the gurgling stream
 The quiv'ring trees yform'd a trembling shade,
 Dancing like airy vision of a dream,
 That ne'er one lasting fix'd impression made :
 And in their waving boughs the feather'd choir
 Chanted sweet carols from the bending spray :
 While others glitt'ring in the noon-tide fire,
 Spread broad their painted plumage to the day,
 And twitt'ring high in air skimm'd far from earth away.

XVI.

Thus glorious all with gold and carvings rare,
 The pois'nous goblet, mixt for black'ning death,
 Invites the soul to quaff away its care,
 Whiles Fate and Torment lie unseen beneath :
 Quick draughts are drawn : then groans the heaving
 breath ;
 Down falls the cup ; and fall e'en monarchs must ;
 Strength, pow'r, pomp, wealth, and ah ! the floral wreath
 Of festive joy is trampled in the dust ;
 And man, the lord of earth, of all her slaves the worst.
 Alluring

XVII.

Alluring smiles fair Pleasure's lips array'd,
 More pleas'd she seem'd than e'er she had before ;
 Yet ev'ry smile mysterious thoughts betray'd,
 And her smooth aspect joy unusual wore :
 In her white hand a silken fan she bore,
 Which ever and anon with head inclin'd
 She held up to her eyes, that glanc'd the more
 At the charm'd knight, as soft and slow the wind
 Mov'd the gay boat along, who nought amiss could find.

XVIII.

Still at the helm he sat with tott'ring frame,
 For Bacchus had absorb'd his manly soul,
 And still he thought her lovely looks the same,
 On whom was fix'd his strong affection whole :
 Now high th' encreasing waves began to roll,
 Yet so diverted was his fetter'd eye,
 He thought himself ne hast'ning to his goal,
 Ne once abated the gay symphony
 Of heav'nly music round, that did the waves belie.

XIX.

Loose reel'd the boat ; Sir Guyon, fast enchain'd,
 By the bright beauty of th' enchanting fair,
 Mov'd not, ne turn'd, ne look'd about, ne plain'd
 Of the big swelling of the stream so rare,

Ne

Ne heard the rising winds that fill'd his hair,
 Ne saw the tempest gath'ring o'er his head,
 Or the black frown the stormy skies 'gan wear ;
 While dreadful glooms around the isle were spread,
 And clouds and thunder fwell'd, all dreary, dark, and
 dread.

XX.

Sudden a direful noise re-echoed round ;
 The vengeful dæmons of the tempest roar ;
 The waters foam, upheaves the trembling ground,
 And all th' enchanting harmony is o'er !
 Pleasure's gay veil, that once in pride she wore,
 Starts from her face ; Hell rages in her eye ;
 Upon her shoulders dragon wings she bore ;
 And loud and fierce was her hyæna cry !
 He falls, he sinks ! the storm roars loud, and passes by :

XXI.

O ye who e'er “with passions boiling high
 Quaff with delight th' intoxicating bowl,”
 That asks the lip, and sparkles in the eye,
 Dash from your sight the poison of the soul :
 From gay deceit the borrow'd splendour stole
 Was mix'd by luring Pleasure's fatal hand
 With deadlier venom than the noisome hole
 Of the fierce viper breathes upon the land,
 Or Araby's black wind that whirls the parching sand.

XXII.

'Tho' wooing similes once deck her painted cheek,
 Frowns will succeed that blacken e'en the night ;
 Frowns that can make the hardy warrior weak,
 And smiling Beauty's vermil flow'ret blight !
 Tho' warm her wooing, and her look tho' light,
 Cold Care and icy Horror lurk beneath,
 And Weariness, and Want with visage white,
 And ev'ry dæmon with envenom'd breath,
 That weaves the web of Woe, and digs the grave of
 Death !

XXIII.

Dark rolling waves oppres'd Sir Guyon's head ;
 In vain he flounder'd in the whelming tide ;
 'The waters breaking from their troublous bed
 In roar confus'd along his temples glide !
 Eftsoons the mighty swelling did subside,
 Low groan'd the hollow caverns deep below !
 The bursting ground yawn'd hideously wide ;
 Down sinks the hapless knight ; the billows flow
 Unheeded o'er his head, and rage and roar ne moe.

XXIV.

Anon his eyne wide op'ning, and his breast
 Gath'ring its scatter'd thoughts, he sees before
 His tott'ring feet, that look'd in vain for rest,
 A gloomy wilderness, where tempests roar,

And

And Heav'n looks ever angry, from its store
 Of fiery vengeance pouring all around
 Wind, storm, and hail, and rain of dropping gore,
 Thunder, yshaking all the desart ground,
 And lightning's flaming shafts, that sin and vice astound!

XXV.

Ne blooming flow'r the dreary landscape knew,
 Ne cheerful tree, ne streamlet gurgling flow,
 Ne quiet glade, ne sky of azure blue,
 Ne level lawn, ne meadow green and low,
 Ne any sweet that fields delightful know.
 Here spare and ragged, fate to mortal taste,
 The deadly nightshade to the daylight foe,
 Wav'd still and solemn to the howling blast,
 And the dark cypress bow'd amid the joyless waste!

XXVI.

And where the middle of this desart stood,
 A languid stream with fullen murm'ring flow'd,
 Like that black river by the hero view'd
 Benempt Æneas, when the shades he trod,
 With Sybil wand'ring from her dark abode,
 Ycleped Lethe, of oblivion hight
 The gentle river, on which he who rode,
 To quaff the water, quick forgotten quite
 All past, and o'er again could sip the same delight.

But

XXVII.

But ah! diverse of these dire waves the taste ;
 Which, when the lip had touch'd the nauseous stream,
 Call'd to the mind each ill that had gone past,
 Each vice once slipt from mem'ry as a dream :
 Then fierce Repentance rising slowly came,
 The genius of the river, from beneath,
 And with rude scourges whipp'd the tortur'd frame ;
 Till, wond'rous, all the soul was calm and eath,
 And blest Heav'n's just decrees, and grew resign'd to
 death.

XXVIII.

Before that mortal man escapes this place
 These heavy waters dull must pass'd be ;
 Nathless they started at its horrid face,
 Who went to pass, and often back would flee,
 Afraid its horrid aspect e'en to see :
 But bolder wights who held the other shore,
 Gain'd from its terrors nought but liberty,
 And reach'd a sky that fadeless splendour wore, [roar.
 Where storms ne beat and blow, ne waters rage and

XXIX.

Much thought the knight upon the gloomy scene,
 When sudden yelling thro' the darken'd air,
 As if all Tartarus dissolv'd had been,
 Legions of dæmons howl'd within his ear,

Starting

Starting from posts unseen, and sent by Care,
 From whom the horrid wilderness was hight,
 To torture souls with vice that conquer'd were,
 Hideous with scorpion tails and faces white
 On coal-black bodies, fierce and horrid to the fight!

XXX.

Now with rude talon sharp they pierc'd his breast,
 Or his side tortur'd with deep-goring horn:
 First one, more grim and loathsome than the rest,
 Shaking his ragged locks and cheeks forlorn,
 A fiend of Filth and Dissipation born,
 Benemt Disease, from jaws all pois'rous fled
 Venom so black, that it would darken morn,
 Which pierc'd his marrow, and shot thro' his head,
 And o'er the air around a foul contagion spread!

XXXI.

And him behind, another imp of hell;
 With faded eyne, and face of fallow hue,
 While ever and anon a hollow yell
 Shriek'd on the wind, upon his boly flew,
 With tiger claws ypinching it all blue:
 And he was hight infernal Want, I ween,
 Begot of the hag Pleasure, mortal view
 Deceiving, and th' inchanter, whose honse sheen,
 By him, the rural bard*, so sweet describ'd hath been.

* Thomson.

XXXII.

And next him started on the knight, I wot,
 A most surprising fiend, whose visage pale
 Was branded all about with dusky spot
 Made by the fiery iron, heavy bale
 To him that doth with impious hand assail
 The laws of righteous Justice ; and he hight
 Foul Infamy, ay driv'n by Woe and Wail,
 And pointing Scorn of moderation light,
 And brazen-tongu'd Reproach, ne silent in the night.

XXXIII.

Broad from the shoulders of this monster rare
 Wings, such as hold in air the wabbling bat,
 Cast round a dreadful gloom upon the air,
 The which beneath if mortal body sat,
 Cold shiv'rings feiz'd him, spirits waxed flat,
 A thousand noises bellow'd in his ear,
 And mov'd he ay to this side and to that ;
 Nathlefs he ne escap'd the shadow drear,
 Unless high pow'r came down his sinking foul to chear.

XXXIV.

His face was pallid, and had horrid beak
 Of owl projecting out, by which two eyes
 That wink'd at light of day, roll'd on his cheek :
 Oe'r them, if e'er he saw the morning skies,

His

His claws he layen would, till night arise ;
 And eke his head was full of ears behind,
 That nought Reproach's curses mote disguise,
 Ne foul abuse mote be dissolv'd in wind ;
 So that ne ease, ne rest, ne comfort could he find.

xxxv.

And then a monstrous rabblement there pass'd
 Of rude misshapen wights, a horrid shew ;
 Till slowly pacing onward came at last
 A long, lean spectre, imp of Vice and Woe,
 Hight Melancholy, with deportment low,
 Whose moveless eye was fix'd upon the ground,
 For she was ay to light and day the foe ;
 And o'er her head a sweeping veil she bound,
 Which trailed long below, and swept upon the ground.

xxxvi.

But she, I ween, was not that virgin mild,
 The poet woos along sequester'd grove,
 By bubbling stream or rustling tree beguil'd
 To think of serious joy and heav'nly love,
 Such as the songs of that high bard approve,
 Dan Milton, warbler of seraphic lyre,
 When in cool walk of ev'ning he would rove,
 Daughter of bright-hair'd Vesta, and the Sire*
 Of him 'gainst whose high throne the Titans dar'd
 conspire.

* See *Il Pensero*.

XXXVII.

But ne divine was her detested form
 Ne sadly sweet, ne melancholy mild ;
 Around her howling drove the black'ning storm,
 And o'er her burst the tempest tossing wild :
 Ne was there ought in her that heart beguil'd
 With luring grace ; ne “eyne of dewy light,”
 Ne soothing look ; but front with frown defil'd,
 Eye with wild terror hideously bright,
 And steps that started quick, and wails that witch'd
 one white.

XXXVIII.

When'er the knight thought, mov'd, or look'd around
 This horrid hag was frowning in his eye ;
 E'en tho' the other dæmons were not found,
 Still all her horrors were for ever nigh :
 If e'er he wish'd, his feet refus'd to fly,
 And down he funk despairing on the earth ;
 In vain he begg'd with burning tears to die,
 And curs'd the fatal hour that saw his birth,
 And mourn'd remember'd vice, and wept forgotten worth.

XXXIX.

Full oft with weary step he wander'd on,
 O'er the wild landscape dark with black'ning heath ;
 Full oft stopt sadly where the cypress lone
 Caught in its leaves the blast's envenom'd breath,
 And

And weav'd with dropping tears the mournful wreath ;
 'Then crown'd his head, and sigh'd when mem'ry
 thought,
 Of the gay garlands on his temples eath
 In Pleasure's luring palace, dearly bought, [taught.
 With pangs that rend the heart, ne peace, ne pity

XL.

Then on its gloomy bark his eyne would trace
 Carv'd by the hand of solitary wight,
 Names that once wander'd in this horrid place,
 Once lay in the soft lap of gay delight,
 And fell from sunshine into hideous night.
 There saw he, pond'ring on their long-lost pow'r,
 Those of the queen, who Cleopatra hight,
 And famous Antony, her paramour,
 Whose sloth ylost so oft Rome's greenest, gayest flow'r !

XLI.

Then Nero's name abhorred caught his eye
 Stamp'd in red characters of human blood :
 Him, the wild wretch of wanton cruelty,
 Gay Pleasure toss'd within her whelming flood,
 When to her arms the sanguine tyrant woo'd
 With joyous breast her glitt'ring goblet quaff'd,
 While by his fide his weeping country stood :
 Yet still his lips drew in the rapt'rous draught,
 Nor stopt he once, unless when at her woes he laugh'd.

XLII.

Next knew he fierce Domitian's hand, I wot,
 Unmanly tort'rer of the harmless fly ;
 And him* that in Thalia's colour'd grot
 Raptur'd with pencil gay the feasted eye,
 And that lamented youth †, whose hand could vie
 With soft Italia's Prince of Painters gay :
 O'er these two last full oft the tender sigh,
 That mourn'd their tempted youth and heedless play,
 Breath'd o'er the gloomy heath, and brought the tear
 away.

XLIII.

Tir'd of the mournful task the weeping knight
 Cast on the earth his pale and ling'ring form,
 When lo, bright bursting from the realms of light,
 An angel figure stream'd before the storm !
 Where'er she flew, the clouds no more deform
 The clear blue sky ; all smiling was the scene ;
 Upon her cheek youth's blushes gay and warm
 Were mixt with matron gravity ; her mien
 Bespoke the seraph soul, majestic, sweet, serene.

XLIV.

O'er her fair shoulders hung a robe of white,
 Not gaudy, gay, or glitt'ring in the air,
 But chaste and plain it pleas'd the tasteful sight,
 And to the modest made its owner dear ;

* Raphael.

† Kirk.

Of ebon colour was her flowing hair,
 Type of grave judgment and exalted thought ;
 Upon her arm, like alabaster fair,
 Hung the blest Cross, which peace and comfort brought,
 And she had eyes from which pain mote have pleasure
 caught.

XLV.

By her right side a lovely gentle maid
 Smil'd like a cherub on the raptur'd scene ;
 In attic robe her polish'd form array'd
 Mov'd modest on ; and from her easy mien
 A thousand winning graces, charms serene,
 Raptur'd th' admiring soul ; her graceful arm
 Bore a smooth vase with crystal water sheen
 Fill'd to the brim : health gave her ev'ry charm, [calm.
 And call'd her name Content, wife, humble, fair, and

XLVI.

And on her left a radiant figure shone,
 Ycleped Glory, clad in robes of light,
 Upon her temples beam'd a golden crown,
 Dazzling with pointed rays the shrinking sight ;
 And her fair hands with strings of silver bright
 A lyre celestial held ; from which, whene'er
 Call'd by the first fair virgin rob'd in white,
 She pour'd such rapt'rous numbers on the ear,
 That Phœbus burst his clouds, and all the sky was clear.

XLVII.

Behind the beaming trio flew along
 A beauteous band, all fair, all mildly gay ;
 Ne'er was there seen so bright a virgin throng,
 Not e'en when Vesta held her sacred day
 On Rome's glad hills, and call'd her maids away
 In slow procession to her sacred fane :
 Around their temples nodding lilies play
 In simple wreath ; Temp'rance without a stain,
 Grave Wisdom, clearful Health, and Peace that knows
 ne pain.

XLVIII.

The weeping knight uprais'd his trembling form,
 Gazing with eye refresh'd upon the sight ;
 Hush'd was the howling of the dreadful storm,
 And the dark heath he saw not with affright,
 As erst his eyne were wont ; firm and upright
 His soul within did seem to bid him stand ;
 When sudden Glory wav'd her robe of light,
 And o'er the harp swept her melodious hand, [land.
 While the fair form in white thus chaunted o'er the

XLIX.

“ Ah ! where is gone gay Pleasure's luring eye ?
 “ Where gone her winning step and trancing song ?
 “ Where fled the splendor of her summer sky ?
 “ Where hid the sportings of her festive throng ?
 “ And

“ And why is spread this dreary heath along ?
 “ Why loves the storm to sound his terrors here ?
 “ Why to this air do glooms and fears belong ?
 “ Why drops the mortals’ eye the mournful tear ?
 “ Why sighs his aching breast ? Why aches that breast
 with care ?

L.

“ Alas ! 'twas Pleasure planted it with thorns !
 “ Thorns hid in flow’rs, and dipt in nectar’d dew !
 “ Flow’rs, like the rose that Maia’s head adorns ;
 “ Dew, such as studs the morning’s girdle blue !
 “ Bright was her cup, and of resplendent hue ;
 “ Yet gloom and horror lurk’d within the bowl !
 “ Love from her eyne a thousand arrows drew,
 “ Yet tipt with poison black, that softly stole [foul.
 “ Thro’ all the trembling veins, then rent and rack’d the

LI.

“ Come then—O come to this composing breast !
 “ Come ; on the Cross repose the weary head !
 “ Come ! For this bosom soothes the tir’d to rest,
 “ And this hard Cross yet makes an easy bed !
 “ This hand can join again life’s parted thread !
 “ This eye can animate the pallid cheek
 “ With one warm look, tho’ health has long been fled !
 “ This arm can raise to strength the drooping weak,
 “ This arm the dart of woe, the rack of torture break !
 “ My

LII.

“ My name’s Religion. He who reigns above
 “ Calls me his own : by his celestial seat,
 “ Where Angels hymn the God of Peace and Love,
 “ His chosen handmaid was I form’d to stand :
 “ I am the chief of all th’ angelic band,
 “ Sent by his mercy to the son of man,
 “ To heal his woes with voice of comfort bland,
 “ To sooth the labour of his toiling span,
 “ And give the high reward when well his race he ran !

LIII.

“ Come then, thou Mourner, come to this soft breast !
 “ Thou, whom false Pleasure taught her task of woe :
 “ Thou, who in vain hast sought relief and rest
 “ In this dark scene, this dreary waste below,
 “ Come, shelter peaceful from the blasts that blow,
 “ The turbid blasts of sorrow and deceit !
 “ These gentle arms, ne grief, ne trouble know ;
 “ This gentle breast did ne’er with anguish beat ;
 “ This placid bosom ne’er the furious tempest meet !

LIV.

“ Yon dreaded stream where sad Repentance rears
 “ His tort’ring scourge, my potent hand can calm,
 “ Sooth his fierce anger, when thy bosom fears,
 “ And stop his hand, and turn the destin’d harm !

“ In

“ In gen’rous breasts, when I instil the balm,
 “ Of gentle Peace, Repentance racks ne moe :
 “ Again exerted is the rising arm ;
 “ For true repentance virtuous actions shew :
 “ Content then smiles again, ne mourns returning woe !

LV.

“ Come then, thou mourner ! here forget thy cares,
 “ Here lay that pallid form, that trembling heart ;
 “ See, where Content her healing draught prepares,
 “ And hark ! how Glory, brightest of the blest,
 “ Strikes the loud harp ! her splendours all confess,
 “ See where she stands, and calls thee to Renown !
 “ Here in my bosom ever honour’d rest !
 “ Come ! Glory waits with her rewarding crown,
 “ And sweet Contentment smiles, and Nature drops
 “ her frown !”

LVI.

She ceas’d ! Creation’s universal frame
 Brighten’d with joy ; before the wond’ring eye
 From the bright welkin beams of radiance came,
 And solar splendour stream’d along the sky :
 The airy glooms evaporate and die ;
 The barren heath with flow’ry beauty gay
 Throws thousand sweets of fragrant scent on high ;
 Repentance rolls his turbid stream away,
 Creation, skies, and fields enliven into day.

Here

LVII.

Here verdant plains extend their velvet green,
There the awed soul surveys the rocky steep ;
Here clust'ring groves o'erhang the woodland scene,
And yonder Ocean's blue-ey'd Naiads sweep :
Anon wide tumbling down the valley deep,
From the grand mountain's sky-saluting height,
Where musing Solitude delights to sleep,
The foaming cat'ract, sparkling to the light,
Bounds o'er the echoing field, and dashes on the sight.

LVIII.

Soft to the prattle of the rippling stream,
The feather'd songsters warble from the grove ;
Life's vain enjoyments seem a fev'rish dream,
And all the soul is lost in joy and love.
What sonnet tend'rer than the cooing dove ?
What music sweeter than the thrastle's song ?
Ah, here, if here the pilgrim's footsteps rove,
Here, where the rural graces love to throng, [wrong.
Here shall he rest his hopes, nor find those hopes were

LIX.

The knight enraptur'd clasp'd her bosom round ;
Serenest Pleasure warm'd his alter'd breast ;
And, as his eyne his angel soother found,
They darted grateful glances that confess

How

How lov'd that heart which call'd his woes to rest.
 Then Glory came, and fix'd upon his head
 The crown of honour and the warlike crest,
 And shining helm, so long that useless laid,
 And to his graceful side yfix'd the deathful blade.

LX.

“ Go,” sung she, striking her exalted lyre,
 “ Go, lift th’ oppress’d, and beat th’ oppressor low ;
 “ Go, where sad Justice sees her sons expire,
 “ And Tyranny quaffs down the tears of Woe !
 “ Eternal peace shall chear thy breast below,
 “ And when Heav’n calls thee to its arms above,
 “ Immortal splendor beam around thy brow !
 “ Go ; Virtue calls thee ; watch her guiding eye ;
 “ When Virtue draws the sword, tempests and storms
 defy !

LXI.

“ Peace ne abides with Indolence and Ease,”
 Sung mild Contentment, pouring from her urn
 Th’ invigorating draught ; while ev’ry breeze
 Caught her soft lay, and whisper’d it in turn ;
 “ Peace bids her sons the task of virtue learn,
 “ As great Alcides’ self ythought of old ;
 “ ’Tis thro’ the rock the hidden mine we earn.
 “ This goblet quaff ; ’twill warm, tho’ pure and cold,
 “ When Glory’s crown is thine, Content will crown
 the bold.” E C “ Enough !”

LXII.

“ Enough !” Sir Guyon cried, and from her hand,
Caught to his lips th’ inestimable bowl ;
Full swell his veins ; his breast and nerves expand,
And rising ardour heaves within his soul :
Already see his eyne the destin’d goal,
Where Glory and Content their crowns display ;
Thro’ his warm heart the rapt’rous fancy stole ;
He pants to bound in his advent’rous way,
And thus burst wildly forth, with inspiration gay :

LXIII.

“ Lead, lead along, ye Angel band divine !
“ Lead, lead along ! I go, I leap, I fly !
“ Lead, where ye lift ; where Phœbus ay doth shine,
“ Or blust’ring tempests drive along the sky.
“ Nought can affright my soul, or turn mine eye :
“ Vice I despise, and opposition scorn,
“ Pleasure’s lewd arts, and all her crew defy ;
“ When night is fled, who hails not lively morn ?
“ O lead your Warrior on, again to glory born !”

LXIV.

He ceas’d ; and as ybroken from the toil
The raging lion sweeps along the vale,
Call’d by the tyger howling o’er his spoil,
And pants to rob him of his bloody meal ;

His

His fullen roars the fierce intent reveal,
And the loud tail ylash'd, and eyne of fire :
Thus the bold Knight drew forth his flaming steel,
While glory woke the grandeurs of her lyre,
And wildly rush'd along as music's fwells inspire !

LXV.

Bright streams of radiance mark'd his destin'd way ;
Where'er he trod the magic gleams appear ;
His burnish'd breast-plate sparkled on the day,
And glory's harp still roll'd along his ear :
Shame flies his path, and Doubt, and hiding Fear ;
And Strength and Triumph pant within his breast ;
Upon his brow fits Majesty severe ;
Onward he bounds, the warrior all confest,
And high he rears his sword, and nods the waving
crest !

END OF THE PALACE OF PLEASURE.



ANTHEM;

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH
OF AN AMIABLE & ACCOMPLISHED
YOUNG LADY,

Who departed this Life, January 14, 1801,

ANNO ETAT. SU. 15.

DIRGE.

Jan. 20th, 1801.

All say, why tearful is the sadden'd eye ?
Why weeps pale Sorrow o'er the mournful tomb ?
Is it that Death's dark cloud with deep'ning gloom
Has swept Life's cheerful morn and smiling sky !
Yet, sorrowing pair, whose fond parental breasts
Still mourn departed loveliness and worth ;
Yet, yet look up to where your Angel rests,
And mounts immortal from the woes of earth !

And, thou, lorn Sister lovelier in thy tears,
O wipe the liquid sorrow from thy brow ;
And thou, sad Brother of her once gay years,
Smile that a Seraph claims thy friendship now ;

AIR.

AIR.

For in robes of glory beaming
 High she treads the azure ground,
 Where, in sounds of rapture streaming
 All the harps of Heav'n resound !

Falls, in strains of music dying,
 Streams, that warble as they flow,
 Symphonies in Zephyrs sighing,
 Ever breathing soft and slow ;

Fields, that know no winter dreary,
 Groves, to heav'nly musings dear,
 There her charm'd eye never weary,
 Never tire her ravish'd ear !

RECITATIVE.

Lift, lift, fond pair, the drooping head ;
 O let the smiles, so soon that fled,
 Again salute th' enliven'd Morn !
 Hush, hush Affection's mournful sigh,
 And wipe from out the tear-dew'd eye
 The pearls that Woe's pale cheek adorn.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ye Choirs of Harmony on high,
 Who tune the spheres that charm the sky,
 For ever rolling round th' eternal throne ;
 Quick with your magic sounds unfold
 Yon portals of celestial gold ;
 A Sister Minstrel comes to claim her own ;
 Haste, bring the vest of shining white,
 The glitt'ring harp, and crown of light,
 And pour a flood of radiance on her way !
 She comes, she comes ! upon her brow
 Life beams immortal triumph now ;
 Her eyelids open on eternal day !

GRAND CHORUS.

Hark, how the golden lyres around
 Roll all the majesty of sound,
 As loud she hails her native sky !
 Now wide upon the raptur'd sight
 Burst beatific visions bright ;
 Death binds her Angel form no more ;
 She bursts the bonds that chain'd before,
 And puts on Immortality.

FINIS.

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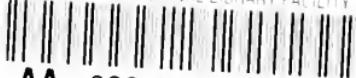
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